THE NATION

NOVEMBER 13, 1967 35 cents

[illegible] N. J.

The Resister / Deserter Underground

1-A IN LONDON HERB GREER

CONSCIENTIOUS AWOLs THOMAS LAND

Greek Chorus

The Cold-War Revisionists WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

OUR LORD IN VIETNAM
WILLIAM EASTLAKE

The Pulitzer Power / CARL DREHER

Yeats & All That Crowd / KEVIN SULLIVAN

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LETTERS

in memory of Tom

Hemet, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The war in Vietnam recently took the life of our son, Tom, 20. His death, and those of 15,000 boys like him have resulted, we feel, from the common people not expressing their true feelings about the war. If the public would speak out, the politicians would react.

The selfish savagery of the society in which he lived; the inordinate pride of the President, the complacent self-interest of the Congressmen, the thirst of the military for prestige and power, the mad scramble of the war-oriented industries to grab and spend $75 billion this year, these are the things that destroyed our son, not the Vietcong.

Only vocal and written expressions of opposition from concerned individuals can save any of the 10,000 boys doomed to die in the next year. Any person who feels that this war is not in our national interest and does not speak out is betraying his conscience, his country and these poor boys dead and to be dead.

Al and Virginia Troelstrup

starvation in Mississippi

Roxbury, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Negroes in rural Mississippi areas are subsisting partially on grass, and begging for food and/or money at civil rights headquarters in their various localities . . . .

These Negroes are victims of automation. Machines have displaced them on the farms on which they used to work. Unskilled as they are in other types of labor, they cannot find other jobs. And welfare is pitifully inadequate. . . .

Recently, in answer to our letter of inquiry, we received a letter from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare advising us of a new issue of food stamps, with greater purchasing power than the old, which the Department is about to launch. Yet the Negroes in these rural Mississippi areas will not be able to buy the new stamps, cheap though they may be. Therefore, Boston CORE is sponsoring a fund drive, the proceeds of which will be used to purchase the new stamps, for distribution in these areas.

Anyone desiring to help may do so by sending a check to: Boston CORE, 373 Blue Hill Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. 02121

John Young, Chairman, Boston CORE

new packages

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Tom J. Farer's interesting review of *Abuse of Power* by Theodore Draper, and *Pax Americana* by Ronald Steel [*The Nation*, Sept. 11], inaccurately states that each author "has stitched together his shorter pieces and placed them, with some elaboration, between hard covers. For regular readers of liberal periodicals there is, then, nothing very new here except the package."

As their editor at Viking, I am in a position to know that this is not the case. Although *Abuse of Power* originated in a magazine article, the relation between the piece and the book is that of seed to plant. The portion of the book which later appeared in another periodical was from the work in progress—a 244-page book, no more than 25 per cent of which was published (in much different form) in the two magazines. Hardly a collection of essays.

As for *Pax Americana*, four chapters—out of seventeen!—were taken by periodicals *after* the book was completed. Mr. Steel's book is an integrated work of 371 pages, no group of brief pieces. . . .

Aaron Asher, Editor, The Viking Press

EDITORIALS

The Spiral of Defiance

Once again, the UN Security Council has shown that it may be able to apply a tourniquet to prevent further bleeding but that treating the wound is infinitely more difficult. The Council acted with unusual speed to check a new cycle of violence in the Middle East after the sinking, by Egyptian missiles, of the Israeli destroyer *Elath*, and the subsequent destruction by Israel of the Suez oil refineries. Less than forty-eight hours after the latter event, the Council issued a unanimous call for immediate cessation of all military activities in the area and condemned all violations of the cease-fire.

It is possible that the attack on the *Elath* was meant to shake Israel off its rigid diplomatic posture; indeed, the loss of this proud unit of its navy came as a shock to Israel, where a certain sentiment of invulnerability had taken root since the victory of last June. The psychological effect was even more serious for the UAR, where this military success encouraged new illusions of power, soon to be deflated in anguish by the quick retaliatory blow. Israel lost a warship, which can easily be replaced. Egypt, already bled white by the June disaster and a catastrophic economic situation, has now lost 80 per cent of its refining capacity.

The action taken by the Security Council—with the concurrence of the United States and the Soviet Union—was meant precisely to put a stop to this spiral of defiance and reprisal, which could escalate once more into a full-scale military conflict. The Soviet Union, which had prompted Egypt to call for a Council meeting, asked immediately for a condemnation of Israel, but was quick to abandon this "maximum request" in favor of a U.S. demand to both parties to respect the cease-fire. The USSR even accepted without discussion greater powers for the UN observers on the spot than it had previously been willing to grant.

While this incident has demonstrated once more that the United States and the USSR can cooperate to prevent a new flare-up in the Near East, agreement is much more difficult when it comes to guidelines for peace. There, long-term interests are at stake, including the future political orientation of the United Arab Republic. According to diplomats involved in present UN negotiations, Cairo is already willing to go a long way toward conceding some of Israel's demands. Tacit recognition of Israel's existence as a state, freedom of navigation through Tiran and even through the Suez Canal are within reach. Many capitals are urging Israel to use this opportunity to obtain a settlement with its major Arab neighbor, which it has vainly sought since 1948.

From the point of view of the Israelis, however, the situation of the UAR can only go from bad to worse, and Nasser may very well be brushed aside by a new regime which would abandon the course of Pan-Arabism for genuine reconstruction at home. Israel feels it has nothing to gain by yielding—as it did in 1957—to UN pressure to evacuate some Arab territory. King Hussein

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of Jordan seems almost ready to enter into direct negotiations with Israel. A new regime in Cairo could follow the same course. Premier Eshkol has again served notice that he intends to hold onto what he has until the time when Israel can work out new secure borders with the neighbor countries defeated in the war.

The United States is unwilling to endorse a resolution in the Security Council which would go counter to Israel's basic position. For its part, the USSR must insist on a UN formula which would give the Arabs some satisfaction, while it works on consolidating its influence in Cairo, with or without Nasser.

These are among the complex factors which the UN representative for the Middle East will have to contend with, if the Security Council finally succeeds in adopting a resolution creating such a post. Intensive consultations among members of the Council were in progress late last month, in the hope that the issue would not have to be sent back again to the General Assembly, where success appeared even more doubtful. The Council may adopt some lofty principles applying to the Arab-Israeli conflict, but it seems highly unlikely that it can get to the heart of the problem of reshaping the Middle East, which has become a major front of the cold war.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

'Peace with Freedom'

"The idea was mine," says former Sen. Paul Douglas of the Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom in Vietnam. It may be that the Douglas cerebrations were the fount and that President Johnson had nothing to do with the compilation of this roster, but then it must have been a case of extrasensory communication between Mr. Douglas and Mr. Johnson. The evidence is plain in both the content of the committee's manifesto and the timing of its release. It is said to be in support not of a President or an administration but of the office of the Presidency, and to be concerned not with politics or popularity but with principle.

That is how the committee describes what its members have signed, but the description does not jibe with the content. The manifesto is simply a compendium of the apologetics that the President and Secretary Rusk have been broadcasting ever since the escalation of the war began. There is nothing new, nothing even mildly critical, and no initiative that might hold out some hope of extinguishing the war. It is as if a heterogeneous group of a hundred or so respectable members of the Establishment had got together to rebut the even more heterogeneous 50,000, some of them not at all respectable, who assembled at the Pentagon on October 21. No one could object to such a countermobilization, and it was certainly less trouble to the federal marshals and the military establishment, but with all those big names one could have expected more than a sterile reiteration of what has been said a thousand times before.

That portion of the press which was already sympathetic to the Administration rejoiced at the presence on the list of every living former President and Secretary of State. These four represent what Richard Dudman of

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the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* regards as the nearest thing to a common denominator of the committee as a whole: "a hard-line—in some cases doctrinaire—anti-communism." But it is surely not irrelevant that, whatever he may be advising today, when Dwight D. Eisenhower sat in the White House, no amount of pressure (and a great deal was applied) could induce him to embark upon a major land war in Asia. And while Lyndon B. Johnson was campaigning it was on a platform that echoed his position. Eisenhower departed from office with honor, having in this matter at least suited the action to the word. Johnson violated his pledges to the electorate, and that is the principal reason for the widespread public distrust that now plagues him. That is the fact, and no committee, nor a thousand of them, can obliterate it.

There is a ritual about all these support-the-President pronouncements. Each one does obeisance to the principle of freedom of dissent in a democracy. But each one also expresses its anxiety that Peking and Hanoi should not mistake the voices of dissent for a weakening of America's will to stay the course. Stated more explicitly, this amounts to a warning that opposition to the war is an encouragement to the enemy and, to use the phraseology of another country and another war, stabbing the troops in the back. On this principle, no citizen would ever be free to assess the morality of any war in which the leaders of his country chose to engage, and the only allowable form of patriotism would be that which is blind or cowardly.

It is the glory of America that it contains a rapidly growing minority which finds the Vietnamese War militarily idiotic and morally repulsive. Some men of good will and good heart have chosen, for reasons which are hard for us to understand, to sign this document. They should give further thought to their position.

Isolation Without Splendor

In the 19th century, America was a place of asylum for successive groups from Europe who fled military service under their dictatorial rulers. Today, the flight to sanctuary is in the opposite direction. Most readers will have been aware for some time that Americans of draft age have been crossing the Canadian border in substantial numbers. In this issue appear two articles by European journalists outlining the international complex of organizations in England, France and other countries of Western Europe that are assisting not only draft resisters but deserters from U.S. forces stationed in NATO countries. There is no political orientation to these groups, their members are not in principle hostile to the United States, nor are they members of any international conspiracy. They are animated by only one feeling—a disgust with the war in Vietnam.

The point here is not that desertions are likely to reach numbers that will embarrass the U.S. military; rather it is that a great many liberal and humane Europeans feel in conscience bound to express their indignation with American policy by giving practical assistance to any American soldier who wishes to escape from it. Several of the countries have laws whereby they could put a stop to these activities, and yet the groups operate almost in the open. To interfere would be interpreted by the public as giving "aid and comfort" to Lyndon B. Johnson, and there is scarcely a government in Europe today that cares to enter the next election with that albatross around its neck. Americans once boasted that they lived in a condition of "splendid isolation." They are isolated today, in all truth, but it is not splendid.

Meanwhile, Canada continues to receive our sons. David Lloyd-Jones, writing from Toronto for the Collegiate Press Service, says that the brain drain, which in recent years has been troubling Canada along with most of the rest of the world, has been largely overcome by the influx of promising men of draft age.

It is not difficult to enter Canada or to stay there. Any healthy, honest young man with the prospect of a job or with a little money will find the door open. As Lloyd-Jones notes, immigration officers tend to regard a 1-A draft card as evidence of its holder's desirability. And extradition for draft evasion is unthinkable. Canada has no draft, does not recognize "international flight to avoid prosecution" as being in itself a crime, and has no intention of enforcing anyone else's laws. The Toronto *Star* says editorially that it is a Canadian's moral duty to assist any citizen of the United States who has sought to escape complicity in the Vietnamese War, and names and commends the organizations so engaged. It draws the line only at proselytizing below the border—which indeed might affect international relations, if not international law.

In short, a young American in flight from Mr. Johnson's war will find friends at almost any border he approaches. Where can Mr. Johnson turn for friends?

A Prod from the Senate

Politicians tend to gravitate to the center, on the theory that it is a safe locus between two ditches. Lyndon B. Johnson is no exception, and the more trouble he gets into the greater his need for center support. But he is losing it fast. In this predicament, Mr. Johnson may find it expedient to acquiesce in Sen. Mike Mansfield's "sense of the Senate" resolution on Vietnam, which has already gained the backing of fifty-six other Senators.

The Mansfield resolution is almost certain of approval in the Foreign Relations Committee, which is now conducting hearings on a more emphatic proposal introduced by Sen. Wayne Morse. The Morse resolution would request the President to seek an emergency meeting of the UN Security Council and agree beforehand to comply with any directives it might issue, including an unconditional halt to the bombing of North Vietnam. If action in the Security Council were blocked by veto (presumably by the Soviet Union), the United States would try to assure action by the General Assembly. In the Assembly the United States would endeavor to secure support from all parties for an immediate cessation of hostilities. The Morse proposal puts in sharp, hard form the substance of moves toward a cease-fire and a peace conference that Ambassador Goldberg has been talking about, with no means of putting his ideas into effect.

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The Mansfield resolution is more discreet. It merely urges that the President consider taking appropriate initiative through his representative at the United Nations to assure that the U.S. resolution of January 31, 1966, or any resolution of equivalent purpose, be brought before the Security Council. We have already commented twice on this resolution; it is still on the agenda of the Security Council and there is no veto on discussion.

The Morse resolution is clearly the better of the two, but the Mansfield resolution can command a majority of the Senate while the Morse proposal, at this stage, cannot; and innocous as it sounds there is real importance to the Mansfield resolution.

It has strong bipartisan support and impressive names behind it. It is a means for the Senate to say to the President, tactfully but publicly, that the Senate is critical of what he is doing and not doing. The dissent of fifty-seven Senators, even when moderately expressed, is an important political fact.

It is also a means of forcing the Administration's hand. Ambassador Goldberg has good intentions but is unable to put them into execution, presumably because he is held back by the President and by Secretary Rusk. When Senator Morse introduced his resolution, there was no response from the White House but, twenty-four hours later, the U.S. bombing was stepped up. Somewhat the same sequence occurred in January, 1966, when the United States requested UN mediation but simultaneously resumed bombing after a five-week pause. At that time, however, the opposition to the Vietnamese War was relatively weak.

The Mansfield resolution is important also as a means of putting pressure on the UN. The usual arguments against resort to the UN are that China is not a member, nor is North Vietnam, and that a halt in the bombing would be a necessary precondition to any UN initiative. But there is a deeper reason for the UN's reluctance to act. During the general debate in the present session, fifty countries out of 110 whose representatives spoke came out categorically for unconditional cessation of bombing of the North. Only five—all allies of the United States in the war—advocated continuation until Hanoi "abandons its aggression." By comparison with previous sessions, the trend is against the United States, but the UN is still not eager to condemn this country or to consider the issue. It is partly because of this reluctance to honor the imperatives of its Charter that the UN is in critical condition. If it can concern itself with peace in the Middle East, it can do so in Vietnam. It is hard to see how Mr. Johnson can ignore the Mansfield resolution—he needs some such interposition. And the UN needs it too.

THE SENSE OF CRISIS

Reporting "the mood of the country" on the eve of a Presidential election year is an old journalistic ritual, but the current pulse-taking reveals a new and urgent sense of crisis. Although this may not prove to have been "the summer of the American crack-up" (Andrew Kopkind), the fall cross-country surveys are uncommonly troubled. To James Reston the symbols of revolt against the old political and moral order "are merely the outward manifestations of a much deeper derangement in the life of the nation." To Emmet John Hughes "the signs of disarray and discontent are not few or quixotic. They strew the American way . . . from ghetto to campus." Walter Lippmann comments on the "growing belief that Johnson's empire is no longer the historic America, that it is a bastard empire which relies on superior force to achieve its purposes, and is no longer providing an example of the wisdom and humanity of a free society."

Foreign observers draw similar conclusions. "The United States," writes Jean Bloch-Michel, "is experiencing a crisis which in a sense is far more serious than the one France underwent during the Algerian war. . . . The Americans are not only divided on a fundamental problem as the French were, but they are witnessing the collapse of some of the structure . . . that holds their society together." The mayor of Salem, Ill., told David Brand, a visiting British journalist, that he had "decided the windows in City Hall must be boarded up in case Negroes start throwing rocks or Molotov cocktails." Brand promptly appropriated the "boarding up" symbol: "America is boarding up its hopes, its trust, its technicolor illusions and even its sense of humor. The shadows are creeping in. And too many Americans are concluding that being American is not the best of all possible worlds. America is no longer buoyant. The gusto of America's belief in itself is being deflated by distrust and pessimism." In his summing up, Brand refers to "the peculiar bitterness that is in America's mouth" (*Wall Street Journal*, August 28).

The headlines confirm these impressions: an endless parade of sadistic assaults and murders; the rejection of middle-class norms and values by a significant section of American youth; the inability of the world's richest society to make substantial progress with respect to a number of long-standing and clearly defined social problems; race riots, a stalemated war against poverty and a deep division over Vietnam, which Prof. George Liska assures us is merely our "first imperial war."

More meaningful than headlines and impressions is the growing realization that the particular problems which engage so much of our time and concern are basically symptoms of a crisis in the society itself. Martin Luther King, and many others, have been forced to conclude that the stalemate in the struggle to achieve "equality now" is closely related to the war in Vietnam, just as Senator Fulbright has been driven to the conclusion that the Great Society is a Sick Society. The Coleman Report has seriously shaken an almost universally cherished assumption: that the American public school system is capable of providing equality of educational opportunity. Even a vast increase in funds would not overcome, the

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report suggests, shortcomings in the public school system which mirror shortcomings in the society. A similar awareness is dawning that "hard core poverty" exists not outside the economic system but is an aspect of the way the economy functions. Considerations of this sort are forcing upon the United States an awareness that many of the problems that concern its people most are interrelated and are, in a sense, inherent in the kind of society it has become.

But as this awareness spreads, we concentrate ever more feverishly on specific problems, one at a time and in isolation. It is as though we had lost all sense of the fact that ours is a *political* community in which the real choices relate not so much to matters of technique and administrative know-how as to antecedent purposes and priorities. A single mini-illustration will suffice. New York City is at present debating whether taxicabs should be equipped with so-called bullet-proof plexiglass partitions. The question is examined as though it were purely technical, but the root problem—why are so many cab drivers being robbed and assaulted?—not only goes undiscussed, it is actually obscured by the preoccupation with techniques.

The same addiction to problem solving can be found in other areas. Once a policy course is set, we become the mindless victims of a kind of technological and administrative determinism. As Paul Goodman points out: "If there are too many cars, we build new highways. If administration is too cumbersome, we build in new levels of administration. If there is a nuclear threat, we build anti-missile-missiles." None of this, of course, is intended to minimize the importance of techniques, of adequate appropriations, or of managerial skills, but concentration on problem solving diverts attention from the direction in which the society is tending. Problem solving is an aspect of the pragmatic or instrumental approach to politics, whereby the goals and values are not only taken for granted but are assumed to be valid and relevant for all time. But the failure to examine values and goals has brought the crisis down upon us.

A conscious effort must be made to direct the growing "sense of crisis" to values precisely because so much American social criticism has dealt with problems. Frank Pickstock, a young British political scientist who spent some time in this country, pointed out in *Socialist Commentary* (April, 1964): "The liberals, the progressives, and the left generally, in abandoning any attempt at a general critique of American society, have betrayed not only themselves but America. They have left America bereft of any consistent set of indigenous principles as an alternative to the dominant individualism as a basis of social action. The left in America has been overawed by affluence. . . . The challenge of poverty to America is not a matter of social engineering but a challenge to her capacity to reorder her social values." Even those most keenly aware of the existence of a crisis do not see it in those terms. For example, such conservative custodians of the American conscience as Walter Lippmann and Senator Fulbright accept the current ominous trouble as evidence that we have strayed from the virtues and verities of the early Republic. As Mr. Lippmann puts it, "the American promise has been betrayed and abandoned."

But a crisis exists not because we have "betrayed and abandoned" our traditional social and political values but because we have remained committed to them under drastically changed circumstances. We have always thought ourselves fortunate above other peoples because we had our values from the founding fathers and were obligated only to apply them in ways consistent with their first enunciation. But these principles were residues, as Henry Kariel pointed out in these pages (April 18, 1966), of the ideology of the Enlightenment, in which the stress was placed on the rational pursuit of self-interest, on salvation through private gain. Until recent times, they have served us well, making us venturesome and enterprising, and providing a powerful dynamic for economic development.

The assumption that if self-interest were safeguarded —particularly against encroachment by government— no other social purpose would be needed was valid in the 1780s. No one man or group of men, given the state of the then existing technology, could acquire enough power to commit the nation to dangerous policies and adventures or threaten the liberties of other citizens. We pretend to scorn ideologies, but the pursuit of self-interest defined as "freedom" constitutes an ideology of sorts and is all the more compelling because it is not so recognized. Under drastically changed circumstances, this ideology leads to the grotesque dogma that "what is good for General Motors is good for the country"—which has an element of grim truth to it, for "as autos go, so goes the economy."

An effect of the ideology of self-interest is that growth and expansion become ends in themselves. From the adoption of the Constitution on, we have engaged in what William Appleman Williams in a book of the same title has called "the great evasion"—that is, "the manipulation of nature to avoid a confrontation with the human condition and with the challenge of building a true community." Slavery, we thought, would take care of itself; as the nation grew and expanded, we would overcome the contradiction with which it confronted us. Today, without being fully aware of the fact, we still indulge in this kind of evasion. Although certain long-standing domestic social problems have assumed crisis dimensions, we announce that the Far East has become our new Far West, penetrate European markets, venture further and further into space and proclaim a determination to become the world's policeman. In short, we still evade the obligation to create the possibility of a genuine community; indeed, we even manage to remain unaware that we are blocking it. Frank Pickstock, in the article mentioned, puts his finger on one source of our blindness: "Central to the American difficulty of modifying her individualism is the strength of the cash nexus. On the one side the ability to pay for one's own education, for medical care, or for one's divorced wife and children, gives the individual freedom, choice and independence. On the other hand, it absolves him from obligation. Individualism dissolves the complex ties of obligation, which hold a society together, into a series of cash transactions."

(Continued on page 500)

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The Resister / Deserter Underground

1-A in London

HERB GREER

Mr. Greer is an American who has lived for some years in London. He is the author of several books, among them Mud Pie *(Max Parrish, Ltd., London), a study of the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament. His play,* DP, *was produced at the Bristol Old Vic last spring.*

London

The young Americans who today turn up, usually traveling rough and living from hand to mouth, on the Continent and in Great Britain, are after something quite different from the sentimental education sought here by their expatriate predecessors. The new emigration is a mark of the rising wave of dissent among potential draftees. A small but steady flow of them are coming abroad, permanently, to avoid service in the armed forces of the United States.

Inevitably, opposition to the war in Vietnam is a principal motive for some of these would-be refugees—though not by any means for all of them. Three whom I spoke to in England recently were only incidentally concerned with Vietnam. Their primary reasons for leaving America were both more general and more personal than simple objection to American policy in Southeast Asia.

Johnny L. is 24, a tall, lean, swarthy boy from Texas. He dresses roughly to match his present circumstances and his shy grin is half-hidden by a bushy mustache and a rather scraggly short beard. Johnny does not actually call himself an anarchist, but he insists that the government of the United States has no right to force him to do anything at all he doesn't want to do. After his 1-A classification in Texas, he used every trick he could think of to keep one jump ahead of draft boards there and in New York, asking for graduate student deferment (refused), joining the Peace Corps (washed out for draft dodging), moving to New York and claiming conscientious objection (disallowed as insincere), occupational deferment as a teacher of retarded adults (refused again)—until last November. Then, with nothing left but induction, prison or flight, he flew—to Brussels.

From Belgium he drifted to Copenhagen, Dublin, and finally to London. At one point he had a job working on a farm, but his principal source of income has been the generosity of people he has met over here. An Estonian banjo player in Dublin did offer to find him work playing the guitar and singing in Madrid, but Johnny felt his skill—good enough for Ireland—might not be up to snuff in Spain. He does not intend to drift forever, and has a vague notion of becoming a photographer on the Continent—after he works in Denmark long enough to buy a camera. However, the future is not really very clear. What seems certain is that he will not go back to the United States where he faces five years' imprisonment and a $10,000 fine. He also claims he faces an additional ten years' sentence for "international flight to avoid arrest," but the American Embassy in London knows of no such penalty.

Howard G., frail, rather nervous and bright-eyed, is a playwright, a graduate of the University of California at Riverside, 25 years old. His work was performed at the university and he was encouraged by Christopher Isherwood. Instead of outright refusal to be drafted he tried the compromise of joining the reserves, signing up while still an undergraduate. But even the few weeks a year of active duty was too much for him. He suffered a full-scale nervous breakdown, and when his unit was activated for the Watts riots he refused to go. With the help of a sympathetic commanding officer, he tried to secure a medical discharge, but administrative tangles got in the way of that. In the end Howard found himself transferred to the inactive reserve.

Deciding to try his luck as a writer abroad for at least a year, he settled for a time in the west of Ireland. Then he came to London to be "more in the middle of things." He is living on savings and loans, unable to take legal employment here or in Ireland. He received an order to report for active service last June 1, but that was rescinded. He is still on call with the reserves, though, and sooner or later will have to refuse service. When that happens he will become liable, like Johnny, to fine and imprisonment. If things don't work out with his writing, after a year (assuming he survives that long over here), he will return to the States, perhaps to face whatever he has to face—except military service. He swears he will never be a soldier, no matter what. And if he succeeds as a writer he will not be an American any more, either.

Mark P. is a phlegmatic high school graduate from New Jersey, a skilled mechanic at 20. His case is more ambiguous than the others because he emigrated to Canada before his number came up. The notice was forwarded to him and he simply informed the proper authorities that he had emigrated. The Federal District Court in New Jersey promptly issued a bench warrant for his arrest. Quite undisturbed, Mark proceeded to England.

He is luckier than some of his compatriots, having relatives here to support him and a skill much in demand which gives him excellent prospects of legal employment. Probably he will be able to settle into a comfortable and permanent exile. As for his motives, he says that the Vietnamese War disgusts him, but that it is only part of his objection to America. "It's becoming a military government over there," and he wants no more of that.

Here in Britain prospects for the draft dodger without special talents or qualifications are poor. Benedict Birnberg of the National Council for Civil Liberties suggests that some fugitives may hope to qualify for political asylum as dissenters from American policy in Vietnam, but the position of the British immigration authorities is that

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draft dodgers are liable to prosecution in the United States for breaking the Selective Service law, not for their opinions. And all aliens here without means of support or "legitimate" cause for staying, such as employment or schooling, are liable to deportation. However, that does not mean necessarily that they will be returned to America, so there is some hope for a haven in Scandinavia or France or Holland, where even deserters are safe from U.S. authorities.

American police can arrest deserters in Britain under the NATO agreements, but they cannot legally arrest or extradite draft dodgers. Though British police have (in the 1954 case of Dr. Cort) made inquiries at the request of their American counterparts, the embassy here says that no such request has been made recently. If the embassy becomes aware of the presence of a draft dodger in Britain, every effort is made to get in touch with him, make sure he understands his situation and, if possible, persuade him to return to the United States.

Conceivably, the deportation powers of the British Home Office could function as a kind of unofficial extradition, if the deportee were returned to America against his will, but that has not happened so far. As to the likelihood of its happening, the Foreign Office has no comment and the Home Office merely says that the Aliens Act is applied to all foreign nationals.

Still, the young Americans keep coming to Britain. No less than thirty of them have arrived in the past six months, not all coming in legally. Because of the common travel area with Ireland, anyone who passes the Irish immigration controls can enter Britain freely—as did George Lincoln Rockwell last year. There is some indication that the Irish are becoming more strict, but for the moment their controls are far less stringent than those applied at British ports of entry.

Few of the late arrivals appear to be dangerous or revolutionary. The ones I have met are anything but politically doctrinaire, and no one, except possibly Robert Welch, could see them as even approximately Communist. Like Mark and Johnny, they simply want out of a system they can no longer abide. None has become a test case in British courts so far, but that is bound to happen sooner or later. When it does, it will almost surely become a cause for those who wish to dissociate Great Britain from American policy in Vietnam. How better to do that than to shelter those who refuse to serve there?

Conscientious AWOLs

THOMAS LAND

Mr. Land is a London-based political journalist whose articles appear in North America, Asia and Africa, as well as in Britain.

London

Western pacifists actively opposed to the war in Vietnam have suddenly found an ally in General de Gaulle. As a result, France is replacing Canada as the favorite refuge for young Americans who refuse to fight, and the rate of desertion from United States forces stationed in Europe has taken a dramatic upward turn.

Wherever Americans travel in Western Europe, they are likely to come across leaflets addressed to soldiers and tourists and urging protest against Washington's Vietnamese policy. These are printed in England and distributed by a dozen international semi-underground organizations which claim to have assisted many American deserters in their flight from the reach of the U.S. Military Police. Agents of such organizations who operate in any of the NATO countries are liable to heavy prison sentences. Yet their groups are easily approachable and, indeed, some believe that their ranks have been infiltrated by CIA agents posing as deserters.

"The Nuremburg Judgment places on you the duty to decide whether a war is right or wrong," states one leaflet addressed to American soldiers in Europe. "Your action could help to end a terrible war and save Vietnamese and American lives. It is quite wrong to suppose that only Communists are against the war in Vietnam. Many religious and other organizations have opposed it."

Another leaflet reads: "While you are on holiday here, not only are Vietnamese being killed but American men are dying for a cause which war cannot achieve. In your name, torture, napalm and gas are being used, civilians bombed and whole villages destroyed. Do you approve of this?"

And a third, written by a U.S. soldier who has served with distinction in Vietnam, states categorically: "We aren't the freedom fighters there. We are the Russian tanks blasting the hopes of an Asian Hungary." Its author, Donald Duncan, describes himself as a convinced anti-Communist.

According to some estimates, the anti-war campaign has produced an American desertion rate in Europe of roughly 1,000 a year. The activists themselves scorn that figure as irresponsible. Official U.S. sources admit just over 700 desertions annually out of a total military personnel of more than 300,000 this side of the Atlantic. However, the large majority of these are men on extended absence without leave with a girl friend.

My own inquiries indicate that 200 or 300 bona fide desertions can be attributed to the leaflet campaign—with perhaps a lot more to come. "Their number," one activist told me, "is not really important in the international context. The main thing is that we have found the soft spot of the American Army. Now we can attack the Vietnamese War where it hurts."

The leaflets are being produced by two printers in London. Both have been investigated by Scotland Yard, at the request of the U.S. Embassy. The British anti-war movement, coordinated by the militant Vietnam Information Group, includes such well-known and respecta-

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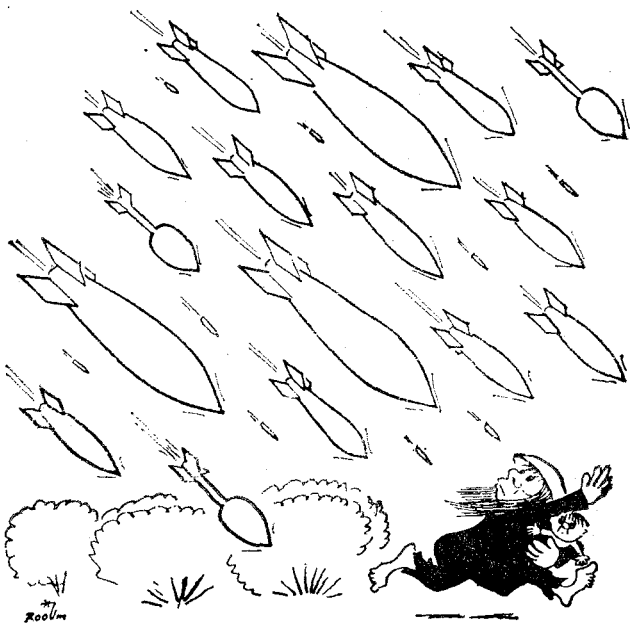
ble organizations as the Peace Pledge Union and War Resisters' International. Nevertheless, its leaders are aware that they risk up to two years' imprisonment under the Army Act that forbids encouragement of British or allied servicemen to desert.

Three of the four executives of the Vietnam Information Group whom I interviewed have been associated with Lord Bertrand Russell's Committee of 100, and two of them have been sent to prison on civil disobedience charges arising from peace demonstrations. The fourth is a pretty girl from Athens who insists on confusing every issue by discussing it in Marxist terms. None of them has seen action on the battlefield.

They are young, sincere and experienced protesters. (They took part in the recent attack on the Greek Embassy here.) One of them, while accompanying Lord Russell to China as the philosopher's secretary, was charged with attempting to incite his hosts to overthrow the established order. Another was barely prevented by the French from driving into the Sahara with the intention of upsetting schedules from an atmospheric nuclear test.

To American servicemen in Europe



Despite all charges by their opponents, they are certainly not Communists, in the sense that they support either Moscow or Peking. Nor are they aided or encouraged by the Communist world because, as one of them has put it, "the Communists know that one day we may call upon *their* soldiers to desert."

Their leaflet addressed to U.S. servicemen lists twelve organizations promising assistance to deserters: the Peace Pledge Union, War Resisters' International, Committee of 100 and *Peace News* (newspaper) in Britain; Verband der Kriegsdienstverweigerer and Internationale der Kriegsdienstgegner, West Germany; Algemene Nederlandse Vredes Actie, Netherlands; Movimento Nonviolento per la Pace, Italy; War Resisters' League, United States; Aldrig Mere Krig, Denmark; Folkereisning Mot Krig, Norway; and the Irish Pacifist Movement, Eire. During the past year, 80,000 copies have been distributed in England and on the Continent; a rewritten version has appeared in Japanese.

So far, none of the 26,400 U.S. servicemen stationed in Britain has chosen to desert through the channels of the Vietnam organizations, but some have sought advice from them. It is understood that the British coordinating committee has resources to pave the illegal way of hundreds of young Americans, if necessary, to Europe where they can obtain work and permanent residence.

It is here that General de Gaulle's policy of cutting the big powers down to size has given the war resisters unexpected and immensely appreciated assistance. While France was a NATO member, it fell in line with the treaty organization's policy of extraditing all detected U.S. deserters seeking refuge. Fugitives from the U.S. Army and draft dodgers then started off for Canada, Switzerland and North Africa, where they were received in varying degrees of security. The Communist world has been consistently refusing them asylum.

Two developments have changed all this. One was the introduction of a clause in the new French military code permitting soldiers to refuse on grounds of conscience any order by their superiors and to argue afterward. The other was the French decision to disown its NATO commitments, thus canceling the agreement as to deserters.

By April 1, the remaining American, Canadian and West German bases under NATO command were withdrawn from French soil. An important test case that came to court in the following month established that France reserves the right to grant asylum to deserters from any army, East or West. It involved a 20-year-old GI, Louis Armfield of New Haven, Conn., who was awakened from uneasy sleep in a parked car by Paris police, with 4 American cents to his name. Arrested on vagrancy charges, he was found to be a U.S. deserter and brought to trial. His lawyer called for money and moral support, and received overwhelming response from an impressive list of French intellectuals and organiza-

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tions. Armfield has been discharged by the court and granted a work and residence permit. As long as he refrains from going home or openly crossing into a NATO country—and keeps away from the Communists—he is safe.

The treatment accorded Armfield has encouraged other U.S. deserters hiding in France to come out into the open. It has also helped the leaflet campaign by proving the credibility of the organizers' contention that desertion is not a certain road to prison. And the publicity has revealed several French organizations, some of them outgrowths of the World War II resistance movement, which during the generals' war in Algeria, encouraged French forces to desert. Now they have turned their attention to Vietnam.

In the center of the international network of clandestine organizations operates a small association of people, based in Paris and mysteriously referred to as The Group, whose identity is probably known only to the members and the CIA. It supplies the British pamphlet makers with lists of people requesting consignments of leaflets to be dispatched to Western European points. The Group commands considerable financial resources, from private sources, and can produce forged documents to transform American deserters into traveling students.

Thus the stage is set, particularly in safe France, for plenty of romantic hide-and-seek between conspirators and journalists, with each party equally enjoying the game. A prerequisite of The Group's operation is that it should be public, in order both to attract the maximum attention of would-be deserters and to deal the maximum damage to America's tough line on Vietnam. One can meet the odd member of The Group who is ready to speak to the press under a false name and to arrange an occasional interview with a deserter. What emerges from these interviews, in essence, is little more than a reassertion of the conviction of U Thant that "the war cannot be brought to an end till the U.S. and its allies recognize that it is being fought by the Vietnamese, not as a war of Communist aggression but as a war of national independence."

The Group insists that it is not asking young Americans lightly to sacrifice their future by choosing indefinite exile through desertion. Its policy toward the U.S. servicemen is to present a convincing case against the continuation of the Vietnamese War and to stress the individual responsibility of each man in uniform. It recommends four ways of protest against the war, only one of which is desertion. The others are petitioning Senators, Congressmen and the President, as well as superior army officers; protest meetings; and registering conscientious objection. A pamphlet reads:

> What can you do? Talk is easy, but you are the one in the tough spot. Many of us who support the organizations listed here have also been faced with military conscription. Some submitted to it at the time, others resisted in various ways, some were put into camps and prisons. We can only suggest these things for you to think seriously about, but you are the one who has to do the thinking and deciding about your life.
>
> Under Hitler, there were some German soldiers who refused to commit atrocities. There were Russian soldiers in the Hungarian uprising who refused to fire on the Hungarian demonstrators. During the Algerian war, thousands of French conscripts opposed the war and in various ways helped to end it. Many demonstrated openly in the streets, some sat down in front of troop trains. Some walked out of the army altogether—wanting no part of the war, despite the risks they took in deserting.

Those who choose to walk are smuggled into France through what are now well-trodden paths of American deserters. As a rule, the French authorities are ready to grant a residence permit to anyone with an offer of employment. These are usually arranged by The Group, and various organizations in its orbit, in French agriculture which has for some time imported labor from less prosperous countries. On the whole, American laborers fare best in the system; professionals experience great difficulty in continuing their careers.

The work of anti-war organizations in other European countries, where the actual recruiting must be undertaken, is naturally more dangerous. The bulk of the U.S. forces is stationed in West Germany where the leaflets are banned and their distribution forbidden by the civil authorities. Police there have raided the offices of several peace organizations, confiscated documents, and taken statements.

Nevertheless, there is conclusive evidence that the leaflets still reach their destination. They are handed out in bars, at railway stations and at recreation grounds popular with American soldiers. Some activists occasionally penetrate American bases to distribute as many leaflets as possible before they are removed. No arrests have been made.

One of the best-known escape routes for American deserters leads through Holland. Frederik Hartsuiker, the Public Prosecutor in Amsterdam, recently stated that investigations by the police had failed to confirm the existence of any organization in the country assisting deserters. His words were promptly contradicted by O.M. Boates, a Member of the First Chamber of the Netherlands Parliament, who claimed that he was a supporter of one such organization. He said his associates were working in conjunction with the American Friends Service Committee based in Philadelphia and New York. He identified himself as a member, he said, only because he trusted the immunity he was accorded by his status in Parliament.

There are deserters also in Sweden and Switzerland, though the number is probably smaller than in France. Pvt. Roy Jones, a Negro from Detroit now residing in Stockholm, went on television recently to link the U.S. civil rights movement with desertion in Europe. And Prof. Jean Ziegler of the University of Geneva asserts that there is a conspiracy of silence among Swiss officialdom, which chooses not to know about the deserters, the "welcoming" organizations, which prefer to work undisturbed, and the Americans themselves who wish only to live in peace. Nevertheless, Switzerland this year handed over at least two U.S. deserters to U.S. authorities in West Germany.

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Despite their dramatic conspiratorial precautions, the peace organizations taking root throughout Western Europe must realize that their work is at least condoned by the lenient attitude of their own governments. Nothing prevents the British and West German authorities from making arrests under laws passed long before the anti-Vietnamese War movement became effective.

They do not do so, probably, because of the embarrassment felt everywhere in Western Europe at the futility of this war. The type of young man and woman attracted to the peace movements is unlikely to inspire sympathy for their cause in any governmental authority. But prosecution of the anti-war activists would tend in the world's eyes to ally the countries so acting with America's policies in Vietnam. If the European authorities adopted a tougher line, the peace movements themselves would do their utmost to bring that fact home to the electorate.

OUR LORD IN VIETNAM

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.*

"No one loves us," the American colonel said.

The Vietcong schoolteacher and the farm boy lay at our feet like broken dummies. They had their hands tied behind their backs and sugar sacks were tented and tucked over their heads. Soon the schoolteacher and the farm boy would be dead. They were VC but they did not look like the armed villains you read about in *The New York Times* or *Paris Match.* They were naked excepting for black pants. Their bodies looked starved and hunted. The schoolteacher kept holding his breath under his sugar sack against the bullets that would hit him.

"I'll be fucked it I can do it," the American captain said. "I do not know how much longer my men can do it."

"The Vietnamese smile. They love at us in the daytime and shoot at us at night," the colonel said.

The chaplain came up, evangelical. "You gentlemen are invited to the services at 0600."

"What the fuck for," the captain said.

"Our Lord," the chaplain said.

"Your lord can kiss my ——."

"You better leave," the colonel said to the chaplain.

"Yes, kiss off," the captain said.

The chaplain dissolved into the elephant grass.

"Our good captain wants to shoot them all," the colonel said.

"The chaplains or the VC?" I asked.

"All. Everyone," the colonel said.

"I bring them in here and the recon turns them loose," the captain said.

"We send them for intelligence."

"But afterwards."

"Afterwards it is difficult," the colonel said.

"Shit."

The Vietcong schoolteacher groaned under his hood and the interpreter told him to shut up.

"It disturbs the captain's thinking," the colonel said.

• • •

"Sir?"

"Yes, captain?"

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"How much longer?"

"Yes," Mike said. Mike worked for a newspaper called *Newsday,* and he too wanted to know how much longer.

The colonel did not say anything. The colonel looked down at the schoolteacher tied up in the bag. But the colonel did not say anything. The schoolteacher looked like a CARE package that had been broken. The colonel still did not say anything.

"Sir?"

"Yes, captain."

"Can I say something in front of the press?"

"You can try."

"With the colonel's permission."

"Shove it," the colonel said.

The captain was silent.

"Go ahead, Captain. This correspondent here works for a suburban newspaper."

"For God and Country," the captain said.

"That is correct," the colonel said.

"Whose god and whose country?" the captain said.

"And this second one here is an intellectual, Captain," the colonel said, "And he doesn't know where he stands."

"In a rice paddy over a schoolteacher," I said.

"Shit," the captain said.

The radio man requested artillery for Bravo Company. The colonel was given binoculars when he extended his hand. After he had looked at a distant bridge, a far village, and carefully at a close grove of trees, he said, "Seven rounds." Our artillery was concealed in the trees.

The colonel handed the binoculars back to his driver and the tied sack groaned.

"The village?"

The colonel nodded yes, that it was the village and then he nodded no, that he did not like it.

"Shit," the captain said. Now the captain mused silently and then he said: "The chaplain had no business up here."

"Correct," the colonel said.

The captain said the words "Jesus Christ" and then he thought about all the situation more carefully and said the word "shit" again as though this word was ultimate and supreme, and the cannon repeated it again, firing into the village where the people were, again and again and again as the schoolteacher groaned and the interrogator tried to shut him up and the lights went out—that is I suddenly realized that all around us was dark and we gathered up our sacks of Asian prisoners and walked back into the night.

GREEK CHORUS

THE COLD-WAR REVISIONISTS

WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams is a member of the Department of History, University of Wisconsin. He is the author of numerous books, most recently The Great Evasion, *and is currently completing a diplomatic history of the period 1865-1901.*

It becomes increasingly clear that many of the policies and actions of the New and Fair Deals, and of the upper-class Daniel Boones of the New Frontier, are producing something less than happiness and security. One of the reactions of liberals within the Establishment is to blame that Nasty Old Populist Lyndon, and to regroup with their own kind. That course has its intellectual and moral difficulties, however, as well as its pragmatic risks, and no one has pointed them out more directly than Daniel P. Moynihan.

One has to respect the integrity and the historical accuracy of his remarks to the A.D.A. on September 24. "The war in Vietnam," he candidly announced, "was thought up and is being managed by the men John F. Kennedy brought to Washington." Then, addressing his audience directly, he remarked that there were few present "who did not contribute something considerable to persuade the American people that we were entirely right to be setting out on the course that has led us to the present point of being waist-deep in the big muddy. It is this knowledge, this complicity if you will, that requires of many of us a restraint. . . . Who are we to say we would have done better?"

Brave words—and largely true.

But also terribly and dangerously misleading. For there is neither logical nor moral discrepancy between acknowledging responsibility and admitting error. It is neither the act of a trimmer or coward, nor an abstract proposition advanced by an academic. Senator Fulbright and others have done it.

There is no transcendent reason to persist in rationalizing a mistake, or in hanging on to see it through. Explanations can no doubt be found for such action, but they do not speak to the central point. Those who realize that have clearly become increasingly nervous in the service of the Establishment. They know that the primary objective is to discover the where and the why of the mistake, and then rectify it as rapidly and effectively as possible.

A good deal of evidence suggests that Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., would like to rectify while at the same time prove that no mistakes were made of major dimensions. His little essays on the war in Vietnam, for example, are interesting exercises in trying to achieve that magical success. He does not succeed because no one can succeed in that enterprise: there are momentum, drift and chance in human affairs, but the initial course determines the effect of the momentum, drift and chance.

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The difficulties of Schlesinger's approach are even more evident in his essay on "The Origins of the Cold War," printed in the October issue of *Foreign Affairs* (that *House Beautiful* of the Department of State). The article subtly admits some minor degree of American responsibility for the onset of the cold war as part of a central and overt attempt to modify the attitudes and policies of that era in the knowledge of their clearly dangerous consequences. But he maintains that there were no major American mistakes, and no major American responsibility, because nothing else could have been done. The trouble, he insists, was that "Stalin alone could have made any difference," and Stalin was paranoid.

There is a great book to be written some day explaining how Schlesinger and a good many other historians of his generation came by the power to render such flat-out psychiatric judgments without professional training and without direct access to their subjects. My own candidates for that undertaking are Robert Coles, Abraham H. Maslow or Rollo May, men who somehow acquired a sense of the limits of their approach even as they mastered its discipline.

Meanwhile, the first point to be made about Schlesinger's attempt to fix the origins of the cold war in Stalin's paranoia is that *no major American policy maker between 1943 and 1948 defined and dealt with the Soviet Union in those terms.* Schlesinger offers not the slightest shred of evidence that such was the case. The reason is simple: there is no such evidence.

Even if Schlesinger's characterization of Stalin as a paranoid were granted, the argument would still be unable to account either for the nature or the adoption of American policy. There is only one circumstance in which his proposition would become directly relevant: If a different American policy had been carefully formulated and then seriously tried over a significant period of time, only to fail because of Russian intransigence, then Schlesinger's argument that Stalin's paranoia caused the cold war would bear on the case.

It is particularly important to grasp that point because Schlesinger does not introduce paranoia until after he has demonstrated that Stalin was acting on a rational and conservative basis. Long before he mentions paranoia, Schlesinger notes the ambivalence of Soviet leaders toward an accommodation with the United States, and makes it clear that American leaders were operating on that estimate of the situation—not on the proposition that the Russians were paranoid. While entering the caveat that "no one, of course, can know what was really in the minds of the Russian leaders," he nevertheless concludes that "it is not unreasonable to suppose that Stalin would have been satisfied at the end of the war to secure . . . 'a protective glacis along Russia's western border'. . . . His initial objective was very probably not world conquest but Russian security." And he makes it clear that Stalin kept his word about giving the British the initiative in Greece.

Schlesinger does not resort to explaining Soviet action in terms of paranoia until he has to deal with American efforts to exert direct influence on affairs in Eastern Europe. Then he casually asserts that it was a factor: "given the paranoia produced alike by Russian history and Leninist ideology, [American action] no doubt seemed not only an act of hypocrisy but a threat to security."

That offhand introduction of paranoia as a primary operational factor in historical explanation staggers the mind. It is simply not convincing to hold that a man (in this instance, Stalin) who believes he has negotiated a clear security perimeter is paranoid because he reacts negatively when one of the parties to the understanding (in this case the United States) unilaterally asserts and acts on a self-proclaimed right to intervene within that perimeter. When examined closely in connection with foreign affairs, the most that can be made of Schlesinger's argument is that Stalin may have had strong paranoid tendencies, and that the American thrust into Eastern Europe (and elsewhere throughout the world) could very well have pushed him gradually into, and perhaps through, the psychic zone separating neurosis from psychosis.

The most significant aspect of Schlesinger's argument that emerges at this point is his admission that America's assertion of its right to intervene anywhere in the world, and its action in doing so in Eastern Europe, had a primary effect on Soviet behavior. For in saying that, however he qualifies it later, Schlesinger has granted the validity of one of the major points made by the critics of the official line on the cold war. Many criticisms could be made of his description of the nature and dynamism of American global interventionism, which he labels "universalism," but the most important weakness in his analysis is the failure to discuss the explicit and implicit anti-communism that was a strong element in the American outlook from the moment the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917. That omission gravely undercuts the attempt he makes later to substantiate a vital part of his argument.

For, having admitted the reality and the consequences of American interventionism, Schlesinger faces the difficult problem of demonstrating the truth of three propositions if he is to establish Soviet responsibility for the cold war. First, he must show that a different American policy could not have produced other results. Second, he must sustain the thesis that the Soviet response to American universalism was indeed paranoid. Third, he must prove that the American counter-response was relevant and appropriate.

Schlesinger's argument that an alternate American policy would not have made any difference has two themes. He says that a serious effort to negotiate around the Soviet bid for a $6 billion loan would "merely have reinforced both sides of the Kremlin debate" because "economic deals were merely subordinate to the quality of mutual political confidence." That judgment completely overlooks the impact which a serious American economic proposal would have made on the "quality of political confidence."

In the end, however, Schlesinger falls back on Soviet paranoia as the reason that a different approach would have made no difference. Here, however, he introduces a new factor in his explanation. In the early part of the

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argument, he holds that the Soviets "thought *only* of spheres of influence; above all, the Russians were determined to protect their frontiers, and especially their border to the west, crossed so often and so bloodily in the dark course of their history." But later Schlesinger suggests that the paranoia was partially caused, and significantly reinforced, by the Marxist ideology of capitalist antagonism and opposition.

However, Soviet leaders did not detect capitalist hostility merely because they were viewing the world through a Marxist prism. Such enmity had existed, and

had been acted upon, since November, 1917, and anti-communism was an integral part of the universalism that guided American leaders at the end of World War II. As Schlesinger demonstrates, willy-nilly if not intentionally, American leaders were prepared to work with Russian leaders if they would accept key features of the American creed. It is possible, given that truth, to construct a syllogism proving that Stalin was paranoid because he did not accept the terms. But that kind of proof has nothing to do with serious historical inquiry, analysis and interpretation.

The real issue at this juncture, however, is not how Schlesinger attempts to establish Stalin's paranoia. The central question is whether or not Soviet actions are accurately described as paranoid. The evidence does not support that interpretation. Consider the nature of Soviet behavior in three crucial areas.

First, the Russians reacted to American intervention in Eastern Europe by consolidating their existing position in that region. Many Soviet actions implementing that decision were overpowering, cruel and ruthless, but the methods do not bear on the nature of the policy itself. The Soviet choice served to verify an important point that Schlesinger acknowledges: Stalin told Harriman in October, 1945, that the Soviets were "going isolationist" in pursuit of their national interests. Russian policy at that time in Eastern Europe was neither paranoid nor messianic Marxism.

Second, the Soviets pulled back in other areas to avoid escalating a direct national or governmental confrontation with the United States. They did so in the clash over rival claims for oil rights in Iran; and that policy was even more strikingly apparent in Stalin's attempt to postpone Mao's triumph in China. In the first instance, prudence belies paranoia. In the second, any messianic urges were suppressed in the national interest.

Third, the Soviets acquiesced in the activities of non-Russian Communist movements. While the term *acquiesced* is not perfect for describing the complex process that was involved, it is nevertheless used advisedly as the best single term to describe the *effect* of Soviet action. Stalin and his colleagues no doubt sought results other than those that occurred in many places—China and Yugoslavia come particularly to mind—and clearly tried to realize their preferences. Nevertheless, they did acquiesce in results that fell far short of their desires.

Schlesinger makes a great deal, as do all official interpreters of the cold war, of the April, 1945, article by Jacques Duclos of the French Communist Party. Let us assume that Duclos wrote the article on orders from Moscow, even though the process that produced the action was probably far more complex than indicated by that simple statement. The crucial point about Duclos' article is that it can be read in two ways. It can be interpreted as a messianic cry for non-Soviet Communist parties to strike for power as part of a general push to expand Russian boundaries or the Soviet sphere of influence. But it can as persuasively be read as primarily a call for non-Soviet Communists to reassert their own identity and become militant and disruptive as part of the Russian strategy of consolidation in the face of American universalism.

Official explanations of the cold war generally imply that American leaders heard the Duclos piece as a bugle call for Communist aid in behalf of Soviet expansion. In truth, no significant number of American leaders feared a Russian military offensive at any time during the evolution of the cold war. When the Duclos article appeared, and for a long period thereafter, they were far more concerned with devising ways to use the great preponderance of American power to further the universalism and interventionism of the United States in Eastern Europe and elsewhere.

But the most astonishing use of the Duclos article by any defender of the official line on the cold war is made by Schlesinger when he employs it to avoid any serious discussion of the impact of the dropping of two atomic bombs in August, 1945. In truth, astonishing is a very mild word for Schlesinger's performance on this point. He says merely that the Duclos article came many months before the bombs were dropped, and then proceeds to ignore the *effect* of the bomb on Soviet leaders. All he adds is a flat assertion that the critics are "not convincing" in their argument that "the bomb was dropped less to defeat Japan than to intimidate Russia" (which is a strained interpretation of what they have said). That is not even to the point, for one could agree that the bomb was dropped only to finish the Japanese and still insist that it had a powerful effect on Soviet thought and action in connection with its future relations with the United States.

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The argument could be made, of course, that only a Russia gone paranoid would have been upset by the American act. The issue of psychotic behavior might better be raised about the Americans. It could also be maintained that the United States had no responsibility for the effects of the bomb on Soviet leaders because the motive in using it was not anti-Soviet. That is about like saying that a man who constantly interferes in the affairs of his neighbors, and who suddenly starts using a 40-millimeter cannon to kill cats in his back yard, bears no responsibility for the neighbor's skepticism about his good intentions. Schlesinger is fully warranted in making a careful examination of the period before the bomb, but he has no justification for so nearly ignoring the role of the bomb in the origins of the cold war.

Finally, there is the question of the relevance and appropriateness of the American response to the Soviet policy of consolidation in Eastern Europe, and the related call for non-Russian Communists to reassert their identity and policies. The answer, put simply and directly, is that the increasingly militarized holy war mounted by American leaders was grossly irrelevant to the situation and highly conducive to producing problems that were more dangerous than those the policy was supposed to resolve.

The fashion of the moment among those who are nervous in the service of the Establishment is to wring one's hands and explain that George F. Kennan did not mean what he wrote in his famous "Long Letter," first filed as a dispatch to the State Department and then printed as the X article in *Foreign Affairs*. Poor Kennan, the argument seems to be, the one time he left his style in the inkwell was unfortunately the time he needed it most.

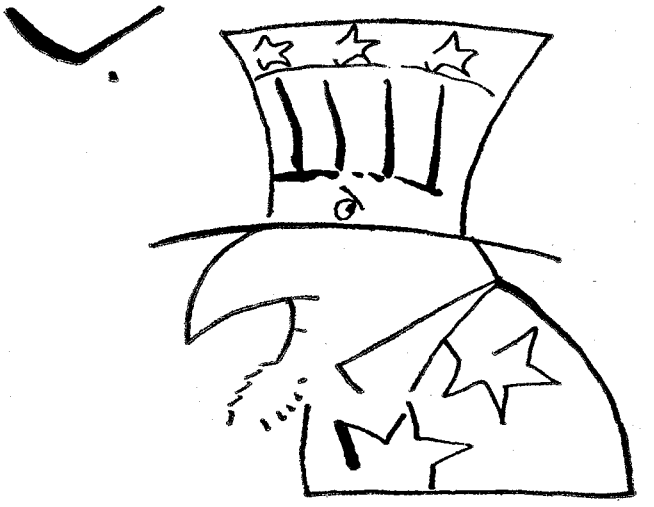
It is a ludicrous argument. In the first place, Kennan had ample opportunity to revise the document before it was declassified and published. Furthermore, style is an expression of thought, and the intransigent and quasi-military metaphors of the article do accurately express Kennan's deep, abiding and militant anti-communism. In addition, nothing prevented him from immediately revising and clarifying the article if people were getting an erroneous impression of his ideas from an accurate reading of his language; and nothing prevented him from resigning in urgent protest against the rapid emotional militarization of his strategy. Finally, those liberals who enlisted in the cold war had as much to do with that implementation of his policy as did the conservatives. The truth is that Sen. Robert A. Taft made a far more courageous and public fight to prevent that from happening than did either Kennan or those liberals who now wring their hands about the state of the nation and the dangers of the Vietnamese War. And so did the radicals who are now far stronger than they were in 1945, 1946 and 1947—or even 1948.

It is nevertheless true that the contemporary trauma of Establishment liberals is very real. They have come to recognize, or at least sense, the dangerous consequences of American universalism and the global interventionism that it produces. But they cannot wrench themselves free of the false syllogism by which they equate universal interventionism with internationalism, and they cannot tune out the siren call to save the world. They are still practicing the nonintellectualism (and worse) of pinning the label "isolationist" on anyone who has the temerity to point out that universalism is an extremely dangerous *reductio ad absurdum* of internationalism.

Richard H. Rovere spoke to these points in *The New Yorker* of October 28, where he supplied further documentation of the nervousness within the Establishment. In some respects, at any rate, he speaks more directly and candidly about the issues than does Schlesinger. Thus he says that the war in Vietnam is "an application of established policy that has miscarried so dreadfully that we must begin examining not just the case at hand but the whole works."

He also acknowledges the relationship between foreign aid given within that framework and the rise of anti-Americanism and wars. And he bluntly admits that American democracy "is in many ways a fraud." Most important, Rovere speaks directly to the necessity of acting now to change American attitudes and policies before the mistakes of the past lead to very serious disruption and disaffection.

Unless the liberals abandon universalism, they face the serious possibility of being overpowered by the conservatives inside the Establishment at the same time that they are being shunted aside by the radicals in the society at large. One is reluctant to conclude, once and for all, that Schlesinger has allowed his archaic interpretation of American history to blind him to the essential truth that his beloved Vital Center retains its vitality only as it moves left.



That estimate is difficult to accept because of his great intelligence, but it is even more painful to accept because it means that the liberals are becoming mere role players in a Greek tragedy rather than sustaining their activities as protagonists in the Christian tragedy. If that is the case, it could very well mean that America can renounce universalist interventionism only as it is forced to do so.

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AMERICAN FARM BUREAU

HARVEST OF SCANDAL

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

The American Farm Bureau Federation, the fifth largest lobby operating in Washington, is unquestionably the greatest patron of radical right-wing activities in the nation today. It is a tax-exempt, supposedly nonprofit organization which, in fact, is engaged in cutthroat profiteering. Although it pretends to be made up of farmers, it probably has about as many members who are undertakers, bankers, insurance salesmen and used car dealers. The AFBF's money interests lie with the industrialist, the chain grocer, the mill owner, the canner and the processor; it has little sympathy for the farmer and none at all for the consumer, and—except for a few years during the Great Depression—never has had. Even a casual analysis of the AFBF shows that its precepts and attitudes are indistinguishable from those of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce or the National Association of Manufacturers or the American Medical Association. Sick in philosophy and dangerously strong, the AFBF constantly indoctrinates the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Extension Service and the 4-H Clubs, and in some states it dominates these government-supported activities.

That, in brief summary, is the message that Rep. Joseph Resnick (D., N.Y.) has been trying—in his artless, badly organized way—to get across to his fellow Congressmen, many of whom are now convinced that he is a quixotic wild man. A year or so ago, he went down to Mississippi, all by himself, and raised hell with local officials and with the U.S. Department of Agriculture for cheating and starving the Negro farmers out of existence—thus becoming the first, last and only Congressional voice raised in recent years against the economic racism of the USDA's crop allotment system as practiced in the Deep South.

The gluey conformists in Congress began right then to suspect that Resnick was a man to be avoided; today, they are sure of it. For the past three months he has again been tearing up the scene in an even noisier way, again all by himself, this time "exposing" the nefarious operations of the mighty American Farm Bureau Federation, demanding that the Internal Revenue Service strip it of its tax-exempt status, and lambasting his colleagues on the House Agriculture Committee (most of whom belong to the AFBF) for deserting him, promptly and to a man, in his crusade.

For those who know what the Farm Bureau really is all about, and who have been fighting it for years, Resnick's crusade is both exciting and slightly amusing. It is exciting because this is the first time in more than a generation that anybody in Congress has seriously tried to grab the AFBF by the throat and throttle it. Forty years ago the great Senator Norris of Nebraska raged against the AFBF: "The time will come when the rank and file of American farmers will realize by whom they are being deceived." And off and on since then, somebody in Congress has popped up to say something sharply critical about the organization, as Senator Young of North Dakota did a couple of years ago, when he called the Farm Bureau a haven for John Birch kooks. But a full-scale assault against the AFBF? No; that wasn't tried until Resnick, partly by accident, launched his investigation early in the summer.

The amusing aspect of Mr. Resnick's investigation is that he acts as though he were the first person ever to make these sordid discoveries. He seems completely oblivious of the fact that the general evils of the Farm Bureau have not only been known but have been recorded again and again for many years—in *The Nation* and similar magazines; in books such as Wesley McCune's classic *Who's Behind Our Farm Policy?* (1956); and in numerous pamphlets such as those published by the late Dale Kramer, his last being *The Truth About the Farm Bureau* (1963).

This is not to detract from Resnick's effort. A Congressional generation is about six years, and there are plenty of people in the capital who have never heard the things Resnick is bringing out. Nothing could be more salutary for Congress than, for instance, to hear Robert Wilson, publisher of the *Illinois Farmer*, testify under Resnick's coaxing:

> Why did I come here today? Because the greatest untold story in America is the magnitude of the economic disaster that is overtaking America's farmers and therefore the nation. Our rural structure is being destroyed, and the influx of rural people burdens the cities and contributes to their problems.
>
> We have reached a point of extreme danger. I believe our present prosperity to be a false one, based on a war economy. Without this war prosperity the depressed state of farming would pull the rest of you down with us into the granddaddy of all depressions; and the farmers would long ago have united and solved their problems were it not for the deliberately divisive and defeatist propaganda of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

And to hear Alfred Schutte of Guide Rock, Neb., once a Farm Bureau executive but in recent years its bitter enemy, testify:

> We have thought for a long time that Mr. Charles Shuman [president of the AFBF], with his Sunday School smile, and his leaders are the most dangerous organization we have in the United States today. . . . They have been able to turn honest citizens against their government, urban people against rural, cattleman against grain farmer and then come up smelling like a rose. At the same time they have built a huge empire of wealth with superpatriots to run their machine. They have the power to take over our government should it ever become weak.

This last charge is a bit thick, but for the most part the fears expressed by Resnick's witnesses are supportable.

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Right-Wing Indoctrination

AFBF President Shuman has been hailed by that gloomy radio moderator, Clarence Manion, as "the freedom fighter of American agriculture," and for good reason. For the past decade, the Farm Bureau and its financial allies (some of whom will be identified in a moment) have been the chief support of the "Americanization" program flowing out of Harding College of Searcy, Ark., and the most loyal sponsors of that kennel of right-wing lecturers which includes Dr. George S. Benson, president emeritus of Harding College and chancellor of Oklahoma Christian College, Oklahoma City; W. Cleon Skousen, Salt Lake City's best-known ex-cop; Dr. C. L. Kay, vice president of Lubbock (Tex.) Christian College; Melvin Munn of Dallas, Life Line commentator, and John Noble of Muncy, Pa.

These old bugles of the far Right are well known to everyone who has paid attention to the sport in recent years, but late comers may take it that the last on the list typifies them all. Noble is the author of *I Was a Slave in Russia* and *I Found God in Soviet Russia* and, as the titles of these two books indicate, he lectures to Farm Bureau groups on his rough experiences at the hands of the Reds. It is a fact that he spent several years in a Soviet prison (during which time, according to Rev. Billy Graham, he showed "valiant heroism"), but Noble doesn't like to talk much about *why* he was in prison.

Noble, born in Detroit, spent World War II in Germany working in a Dresden KW-Praktiflex camera factory which was owned by his father, Charles Noble, who had migrated to the United States in 1920 and then returned to his native Germany in 1937. Charles Noble says he returned to the fatherland "on medical advice to take a cure." The Nobles fitted well into the German life of that time, buying the camera factory from a Jew who had been forced by the Nazis to sell.

John Noble says he was "trapped" in Germany and claims the Nazis kept him and his father under "house arrest" during the war, but the house to which they returned for "arrest" each evening after a day at the factory was a mansion overlooking Dresden. The Russians arrested Noble after the war for "cooperating with the Nazis." Eventually, the U.S. Government sprung him from the Red jail, and now he is very popular on the Farm Bureau lecture circuit.

The Farm Bureau's uses for men like Noble are varied, but most frightening when applied to "citizenship seminars"—an increasingly popular way for AFBF to get its hands on some of the brightest high school students and subject them to intensive coaching. The seminars are usually limited to 11th and 12th graders; the Farm Bureau pays the chosen ones' fees and travel expenses. Last summer at the Fifth Annual Texas Farm Bureau Citizenship Seminar, held at the Baylor University (Baptist) campus in Waco, 377 of these youngsters were shipped in to listen to Noble, Skousen, Kay and others. The same sort of thing was happening all over the nation, but especially in the Midwest. (They also have young adult and adult seminars of the same type.)

To give an idea of what these kids learn from their Farm Bureau sponsors, here is a statement in the Collingsworth County (Tex.) Farm Bureau newsletter relating to the Civil Rights Act: "Under it a criminal or drunkard may come to your door for a room. If you refuse him, he can go to the commission which may decide that you have discriminated; they can foreclose the mortgage on your home so that you will lose it, your business may be closed; you may lose your job, be sent to jail or to an insane asylum. You will have no redress, no trial by jury. The civil rights bill is treason."

Right-wing stuff? It couldn't be, says Jack Angell, AFBF director of radio-TV services, for, as he told the Texas Farm Bureau state conference, "farmers know that the American right wing is largely a fiction of the American left wing."

However, the AFBF is embedded in this fiction in a very factual way. Scores of local Farm Bureau groups have purchased the film series produced at Harding College (best known film: *Communism on the Map*) for showing at civic clubs, schools and churches. Many Farm Bureau women's groups have set up Freedom Bookshelf projects, distributing their kind of literature to high schools. As of late last summer, for example, the AFBF women of Tennessee had set out to "put Christ back into the U.S. Constitution" by persuading schools in their state to accept 540 sets of the two-volume inspirational reference work *Christian History of the Constitution* and *Teaching and Learning America's Christian History*.

The AFBF has tried to get faculty witch hunts started at several Midwest colleges, most notably at the University of Missouri and the University of Nebraska; several years ago the Board of Regents at the University of Nebraska met at the behest of the Farm Bureau to decide whether to fire the chairman of the Agriculture Economic Department because he was on record as favoring farm price supports—not the sort of thing a city dweller might expect the American Farm Bureau Federation to oppose, but more on that below.

Alumni of the AFBF are scattered throughout right wingdom. Some of the directors of the National Right To Work Committee were former AFBF state presidents; several trustees and executives of the Americans for Constitutional Action came out of the Farm Bureau. Some AFBF executives are devoted members of the National Rifle Association and support it belligerently in its opposition to all gun-control laws. As the Missouri Farm Bureau put it: "There might come a time when a well-aimed bullet will be as important as those fired at Concord and Lexington by men who minutes earlier had their hands on the plow." A resolution approved by one Nebraska Farm Bureau was that the director of the game commission, a progressive sort of fellow, should "be exterminated at the least possible cost to the taxpayers." However, they did not specifically say it should be done with guns.

But sometimes Farm Bureau people ride their leaky raft of patriotism into dangerous cross currents. In 1958, Frank Wooley, general counsel of the AFBF, testifying before the House Agriculture Committee, sug-

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gested that Communists were supporting the farm production payment plans. Chairman Poage of Texas banged down the gavel, adjourned the meeting, and shouted at Wooley: "We'll not go further into this up here! But if you want to discuss it further I'll meet you in the alley!" The Utah Farm Bureau called the rival National Farmers Union "Communist-dominated"; the NFU sued and won damages. When Glenn Martz, a former employee of Farm Bureau publications in the Midwest, started putting out his own newsletter in Washington, he also began equating support of 90 per cent parity with communism. He got too free with this kind of writing and wound up being sued for $250,000 by George McGovern (later Senator from South Dakota); the suit was settled out of court when Martz retracted.

But such hard luck is the exception; usually the AFBF succeeds with its smears and propaganda *Putsches*. Sometimes it teams up with another right-wing organization and literally takes control of a state legislature, as happened in Wyoming in 1963, when the AFBF joined forces with the John Birch Society.

Often the AFBF simply moves in and appropriates the apparatus of farm society for spreading its dogma. At one hearing, Representative Resnick read from a letter: "It is rather common knowledge in this vicinity that Ray Nichols, farm adviser at Lake County Fair Grounds near Grayslake, Ill., is using the fair grounds as virtual headquarters and meeting place of such groups as 'Support Your Local Police,' a John Birch Society group. . . . It is fairly well known that Nichols is indoctrinating the children of the 4-H Club with right-wing tendencies. . . . In 1966, Lake County's Fair Grounds had at least five booths that were passing out right-wing literature."

When Mrs. Bryce Ohmstede became women's chairman of the Webster County (Neb.) Farm Bureau, she told Resnick:

> I began getting letters from a group called Citizens Womens Council, addressed exactly as my Farm Bureau mail came. It contained bizarre propaganda, stickers that looked like eyes, red spots that said, "I see red," which were supposed to be attached to the letters we wrote to Congressmen who didn't fit the ultraconservative pattern.
>
> The propaganda told us how to work through our organization to "measure our candidate"—by conservative standards, of course. This group was headed by John Stuart, former chairman of the board of Quaker Oats. It was later "adopted" by a tax-exempt organization, Citizens Honest Elections Foundations, headed by Don Grimes, president of the Independent Grocers Association. On the advisory committee was Allen B. Kline, former president of the AFBF, and presently a trustee of the Americans for Constitutional Action. The programs outlined in this material followed that which the Farm Bureau women were supposed to be using and, I might add, even the title of some of the programs.

The Anti-Farm 'Farmers'

The hayseed lineage of the AFBF has been under suspicion for so many years that just about everybody now accepts the American Farm Bureau Federation title as a cover for a multitude of professions. Often as not, the local Farm Bureau president will be a banker who wouldn't know how to shuck corn, much less how to plant it. As one cynical witness pointed out at a Resnick hearing: "In Illinois, the Farm Bureau claims to have 157 per cent of the farmers in the state as members, 154 per cent in Indiana, 106 per cent in Michigan." Wilson, the farm weekly publisher, said that in his county, "They claim to have over 2,500 paid-up members, and there are only 1,500 farms listed by the Agriculture Stabilization Committee, and of these possibly 1,000 are actually commercial farms." Wilson believes that no more than "375,000 real live farmers" can be counted among the AFBF's claimed national membership of about 1.7 million. Thus he agrees with Resnick, who says that from what he has heard, maybe not more than 25 per cent of the members are legitimate farmers.

One explanation, of course, is that the AFBF has a pretty good insurance program going and is perfectly willing to sell policies to nonfarmers who, to get the attractive rates, must join the AFBF.

Innocent as such benefits are to the joiners, the side benefits of phony membership are far from harmless. For one thing, they enable AFBF officials to boast around Washington that they speak for nearly 2 million farmers which, if accurate, would be an impressive number in this day of dwindling farms. In fact, most of the people for whom they speak have no slightest understanding of farm problems or interest in farm policy, and therefore will not be angry if the AFBF hierarchy sells out—something it has been accused of doing as a matter of ritual for many years.

A headline from the December 13, 1922, Billings, Mont., *Gazette* reads: "FARM BUREAU BRANDED TOOL OF WHEAT PIT." That was forty-five years ago, and al-

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ready the pattern was set. The Farm Bureau took $100,000 from the Chicago Board of Trade to throw its weight against a pending agriculture relief bill.

On later occasions the AFBF was found to have secretly arranged with various industries to sell the support of its membership for lobbying purposes. For instance, Farm Bureau leaders asked $94,000 to swing the organization behind an outrageous government subsidy for steamship lines (paying Standard Oil tankers for carrying the company's own products, etc.). Money was also paid to AFBF leaders to persuade its membership to oppose taxes on chain stores, and to get various taxes and development advantages for the National Lumberman's Association, the Portland Cement Association and the National Automobile Chamber.

The AFBF has teamed up with powerful private utility companies to fight rural electric cooperatives and to denounce as communistic the major public power projects, such as TVA. It has joined with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the NAM to oppose all closed-shop labor legislation. It helped the oil lobby defend the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance.

Why does it fight labor, the natural ally of the family farmer? And why would the AFBF oppose public power, which more than anything has brought the family farmer, especially in the South, out of the dark ages? How could it be possible for an AFBF official to address the Virginia Farm Bureau without making a single reference in his speech either to farming or to farm policies? The answer is that the AFBF is not a family-farm organization. (In fact, it would like to see parity dropped to 50 per cent, a move that would wipe out the family farmer.) At best, it represents the interests of the multimillion dollar "agribusiness" enterprises, and their giant allies. When Dick Brown, former editor of the *Missouri Farm Bureau News*, became publicity director of the south-central regional office of the National Association of Manufacturers in St. Louis, he felt "very much at home with NAM, since the principles and objectives of that organization are similar to those of the Farm Bureau."

Although it is obvious that the AFBF's pro-farmer posturing means nothing, AFBF President Shuman becomes enraged when somebody points it out. In 1964, when the AFBF was opposing the proposed Congressional investigation of chain-store price fixing and monopoly, James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union, received a telegram from Shuman saying: "You are hereby notified that I consider your attack libelous and have referred matter to my attorney."

Patton had said that "Shuman is still up to his old tricks of keeping the family farmers on their knees in the interest of the food barons," and that "farmers and ranchers are subjected to prices which are deliberately set and manipulated by the giant food chains and we now find that the president of the Farm Bureau is siding with those who are getting rich off the farmer."

To support his charges, Patton issued a fact sheet:

> FACT: The American Farm Bureau Federation has remained strangely silent on the matter of looking at those who profit at buying farm commodities cheaply and selling them in processed form expensively—to the disadvantage of the farmer as well as the consumer.
>
> FACT: One organization of food processors and marketing groups is the National Food Conference Association, whose president is Charles B. Shuman, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation.
>
> FACT: A phone inquiry to the Washington, D.C., office of AFBF to obtain information on membership of the Food Association was told to write to Mr. Arthur Seeds at 1000 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois. The business address of the AFBF, as listed in its official news letter, is 1000 Merchandise Mart, Chicago.
>
> FACT: Members of the National Food Conference Association, whose president is AFBF President Charles B. Shuman, includes bakers, dairies, meat packers, cereal manufacturers, flour millers, grocery manufacturers, chain stores and other grocers.

Shuman's NFCA employers are indeed an impressive group, including American Can Company, American Medical Association, Armour & Co., California Packing Corp., The Coca-Cola Co., Campbell Soup Company, Carnation Co., General Foods Corp., Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., Green Giant Company, Hormel, Kraft, Lever Brothers, Jewel Tea, Kellogg, Pepsi-Cola, Procter & Gamble, Ralston, Rath, Safeway Stores, Salada, Super Market Institute, Swift, Wilson.

That may partly explain why the AFBF is so rabidly against labor and why it is so eager to undercut farm prices. Shuman's attorneys apparently saw nothing libelous in Patton's information; no suit followed.

The Bureau at Work and Play

In addition to these interlocking influences on the AFBF executives, the Farm Bureau itself has ownership interests in insurance companies, truck lines, slaughterhouses, oil refineries. Resnick even uncovered a poorhouse which the AFBF owned in Iowa, possibly for stashing away the family farmers it has done in. Resnick claims to have found thirty corporations in Illinois that are owned by the AFBF and do $800 million a year in sales. He also says he has found an AFBF refinery in Kansas which has $60 million yearly sales, with an $8 million untaxed profit.

The AFBF claims that the bulk of its income comes from the $1.25 annual dues paid by each of the 1.7 million members. Resnick would like to know what happens to the rest of the money floating around in the AFBF world: money on the state level from its twelve life insurance companies ($815 million in assets and $6 billion of insurance in force), plus twenty-seven casualty companies, thirty-one fire insurance companies, twenty-one hail insurance companies, several giant farm supply companies; and on the national level from a mutual insurance company ($20 million in assets and a $9.5 million surplus), a mutual investment fund ($6 million in assets), a commodity export company doing about $30 million sales annually, and a service company which buys large quantities of tires and batteries from manufacturers and sells through Farm Bureau affiliates.

According to the AFBF's financial statement, the national organization has the literally unbelievably low income of $750,000 from all these enterprises.

Resnick had to do it, of course, to protect his con-

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science, but nothing he has tried so far matches in futility his demand that the IRS revoke the Farm Bureau's tax-exempt status. Certainly, the Farm Bureau has used its far-flung commercial enterprises to support pleasant self-interest; Resnick says he has found top executives of Farm Bureau insurance companies who provide themselves and their wives and children with all sorts of season sporting tickets, membership in swanky country clubs, automobiles for personal use, and plenty of gas for private trips to distant points. Certainly, AFBF propagandizes for private industry and for individual politicians (as when the Illinois AFBF affiliate used its address plates to circulate election material on behalf of Rep. Paul Findley).

One reason is that although the AFBF fights the U.S. Department of Agriculture furiously over most of the ordinary farm programs, it also has its grappling hooks right around some of the USDA's grass-roots operations. While the federal government pays much of the cost of the Extension Service (the states pay the rest), you will find that it is not the federal government but the Farm Bureau which sets the tone of the local operation. For many years this was true to the degree that most people out in the sticks thought the USDA's Extension Service and the Farm Bureau were one and the same thing—a matter of confusion which the AFBF encouraged. Many farmers thought the county agent was paid by the Farm Bureau, not by the taxpayer. The same confusion was deliberately fostered between the Farm Bureau and the tax-supported 4-H Clubs. Everywhere one found the Farm Bureau and the Extension Service in the same building, sometimes in the same office. Usually the Farm Bureau owned the building and rented to the Extension Service, which put it in the happy position of being the government's landlord as well as suite mate. In recent years, the USDA has attempted to untangle this often embarrassing relationship, but it has not always succeeded.

In 1965, a group appointed by the president of the University of Illinois and Agriculture Secretary Freeman studied the situation in Illinois and found that most citizens still thought the Extension Service and the Farm Bureau were different titles for the same organization; the group recommended that the two outfits be made to occupy different buildings. But two years later, sixty-three of the state's 113 Extension Service offices still occupy Farm Bureau buildings. Over the country, the Extension Service rents space in ninety-five Farm Bureau-owned buildings; next to Illinois, the highest concentration is fourteen in Iowa. The USDA officials at Resnick's hearings who contributed these statistics did so politely but not with what you would call effusive cooperation, for the USDA fears the minions of "agribusiness." They told what they were obliged to tell, defended their relationship with the AFBF in the usual say-nothing way of government witnesses, and volunteered no information on their own. Resnick's fight, they clearly indicated, was his alone.

If he had a little help from a few other Congressmen it would make all the difference. But an investigation of this sort, conducted by one Congressman without the powers of subpoena, is too big a job to carry off. Considering everything, Resnick is doing a superb job of heckling. But so far he has come up with nothing new that will break the rigidly militant back of what he incorrectly calls "The Mafia in Overalls." Most of the AFBF, as he himself has taken pains to point out, don't wear overalls.

Crisis *(Continued from page 486)*

Increasingly Americans find themselves at cross purposes; the issues that divide the nation also divide them as individuals. This unhappy state of affairs has come about not because we have abandoned or betrayed our values but because we have not kept them up to date. And the more we respond to the institutional imperative —individual self-interest as the commanding priority— the graver the crisis becomes. The political cartoonists diagram the dilemma for us every day with sketches contrasting the vast amounts we readily appropriate for space exploration and military expenditures with the niggardly sums we assign to social functions. According to Senator Fulbright, we have spent more than $1,578 billion through the regular federal budget since 1946. Of this amount, some $964 billion or 61.09 per cent has gone for military purposes, less than $96 billion or 6.08 per cent for social purposes. This should suggest that we do, indeed, need to test our values against the quality of our life.

Vietnam is a symptom, not a cause of the crisis in our value system. It is the dead end to which the pursuit of an expansionist policy in Asia has led. General Eisenhower, in a statement at Gettysburg, April 4, 1956, exposed inadvertently our real purpose: "By strengthening Vietnam and helping insure the safety of the South Pacific and Southeast Asia, we gradually develop the great trade potential between this region . . . and highly industrialized Japan to the benefit of both. In this way freedom in the Western Pacific will be greatly strengthened." This means more than that China is to be contained; it means that we shall be assured of access to the markets and raw materials of the region (see "Capital's Last Frontier" by Jules Henry, *The Nation*, April 25, 1966). Now we are prepared to assert that we are an imperial power and intend to act like one (see article p. 492, this issue). "We have become," writes Irving Kristol, "the world's mightiest power and cannot avoid an imperial role." That has a ring to it of inevitability, but we did not "stumble" into this role by accident, any more than we have "abandoned or betrayed" our historic values. "The uselessness of our free institutions," writes Mary McCarthy in the *New York Review*, "pleasurable in themselves, to interpose any check on a war of this character, opposed, though not enough, by most so-called thinking persons, suggests that freedom in the United States is no longer a political value and is seen simply as the right to self-expression, as in the dance, psychodrama, be-ins, kinky sex, or baking ceramics." Statements of this kind are an indication of the deepening sense of crisis; they also measure the magnitude of the political task that a reordering of our values involves. We intend to comment on this task in later issues.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Yeats And All That Crowd

EMINENT DOMAIN. *By Richard Ellmann. Oxford University Press. 159 pp. $4.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN
Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University and the author of Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

Wystan Hugh Auden, a man easily exasperated by folderol, found much in the poetry of W. B. Yeats to exasperate him. Irishry and occult symbolism, for example, as variant forms of the provincial and esoteric, were for Auden not "the kind of nonsense that can be believed by a gentleman." And poetry itself, as he wrote in his elegy on the death of Yeats, "makes nothing happen"; it has not really that overriding importance the older poet had always insisted on. Poetry is a game, a play of the mind around "verbal structures" or, as T. S. Eliot once defined it, a kind of superior amusement. According to this view, Yeats's question

> *Did that play of mine send out*
> *Certain men the English shot?*

is purely rhetorical, whatever responses may be reverberating in history. And the Yeatsian statement

> *The intellect of man is forced to choose*
> *Perfection of the life, or of the work,*

elicits the apparently reasonable comment from Auden: "This is untrue; perfection is possible in neither." But if perfection is understood not as a state of being, or a state of mind but as a way of becoming—rather like that "way of perfection" of which the saints once spoke—then the truth of Yeats's verse will appear in a light other than that under which Auden examines it, which is the dry abstract light of logic and morality. For Yeats also wrote a few weeks before his death:

> Man can embody truth, but he cannot know it. I must embody it in the completion of my life. The abstract is not life and everywhere draws out its contradictions. You can refute Hegel but not the Saint or the Song of Sixpence. . . .

Yeats saw clearly that the dichotomy between life and work was unreal, or real only to the intellect, to which alone he assigned the choice. For us today his life is complete in the perfection of his work, all of him that remains to us. "The death of the poet," Auden faithfully records in his elegy, "was kept from his poems." And these poems and the life they embody constitute a history which, according to Eliot, is also "the history of their own time . . . a part of the consciousness of an age which cannot be understood without them."

That history begins in the 1880s and comes to a close on the eve of the Second World War. Richard Ellmann, whose previous books on Yeats (*The Identity of Yeats*; *Yeats: the Man and the Masks*) set the tone of much subsequent criticism, now provides an outline of history in terms of Yeats's relationship, literary and personal, with Oscar Wilde, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden. His treatment of these relationships is fairly indicated by the title, *Eminent Domain*, a legal term which for non-lawyers may be defined as the right of a sovereign power to appropriate private property thought necessary for public use. In the less austere profession of literature we are accustomed to the gentler term "influence," to describe this larcenous activity, or we may even at times speak of "plagiarism" but only when the theft is clearly the work of an amateur who has botched the job by leaving fingerprints all over the place.

None of the writers named above can be thought an amateur, though it is true that the Oxford Union, when presented with a copy of Oscar Wilde's first book of poems, returned it to the author on the ground that the poems were "for the most part not by their putative father at all, but by . . . William Shakespeare, by Philip Sidney, by John Donne, by Lord Byron, by William Morris, by Algernon Swinburne, and by sixty more." In defense of Wilde it may be said that this was his *first* book of poems, and that his professional reputation rested anyhow on his skill as a talker before all else.

Certainly it was this talk that Yeats, then a young poet in search of an aesthetic, pillaged freely during their encounters in London. Yeats even allowed himself to believe that Wilde's dazzling conversation was an aristocratic counterpart to the oral culture that had persisted among the Irish peasantry at home. But what really attracted him was Wilde's easy assumption of the superiority of imagination to reason and intellect, and the corollary that followed almost at once upon that assumption—the primacy and autonomy of art.

The idea was congenial to a young man whose poetic resources until then had been largely limited to nationalism and occultism. Yeats accordingly incorporated what he needed from Wilde and, after considerable refinement and almost Talmudic elaboration, made it into a secular defense against the encroachments upon the spirit of materialism, science and positivism. He did not, however, attempt to turn a theory of art into a principle of personality, as did Wilde, whose great work of art was—*ipse dixit*—Wilde himself. Ellmann now sees Wilde as "still fulfilling indispensably the role of precursor" to poets in the first half of the 20th century, and this is doubtless true, as it may also be true that in the second half of the century Wilde fulfills a similar role among the flower children and love people of Psychedelia.

When they first met, Wilde was too old to have been influenced by Yeats, though Yeats was too polite to say so. James Joyce had no such inhibitions when he met Yeats some twenty years later, and the older poet, already the acknowledged leader of the Irish literary revival, seems to have accepted that arrogant comment on age and adaptability with a good grace. Over the next forty years the two men, never personally intimate, continued to observe each other with a fine Irish mixture of envy, admiration and an occasional pang of annoyance.

Yeats spoke without condescension of Joyce's genius, and Joyce at one time conceded—a unique concession on his part—that Yeats was the greater writer. The difference, however, was in kind rather than degree. Ellmann believes that Joyce turned from verse to prose out of an awareness of Yeats's unchallengeable mastery as a poet, but I think this unlikely. Joyce's development as an artist reflects an attitude toward literary form quite foreign to that of the conservative and traditional Yeats: between *Chamber Music* and *Finnegans Wake* the movement is from lyric to narrative to drama to epic to a point, finally, where epic is ready to dissolve into lyric again. These genres were to Joyce like so many provinces of literature that he brought under personal subjection, his own eminent domain, and

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once subjected he did not turn back to them again but pressed on—ultimately, some would say, toward provinces that lay beyond the proper compass of literature itself. It was a supreme confidence in his own mastery, not fear of competition, that determined the course of Joyce's literary career.

Of all the relationships described in Ellmann's essay, Yeats was most intimate, though it was a troubled intimacy, with Ezra Pound, and most incompatible, a firm and lasting incompatibility, with T. S. Eliot. He thought, Professor Ellmann says, that the latter was "plain, a belated Alexander Pope, making poetry resemble prose," a counterrevolutionary in fact, whose Christian belief was questionable and whose metaphors (especially that operating table) were deplorable.

For his part Eliot at first dismissed Yeats as a relic of the nineties, another of Pound's literary curiosities. "His remoteness," he wrote of Yeats, "is not an escape from the world, for he is ignorant of any world to escape from." But this judgment underwent a change over the years, so radical a change that Eliot could, as we have seen, acknowledge Yeats as the embodiment of the consciousness of his age and still later he assigned him a place of honor in what he considered his own best poem, "Little Gidding." Yeats's opinion of Eliot, however, remained unchanged.

Yeats's friendship with Pound was at first on a master-disciple basis, a relation which Pound soon enough turned on its head, badgering "Uncle William" with acute and terrible criticism which Yeats might publicly rebuff but could privately take thought on. In many ways the two men were as far apart as the Wabash and the Liffey, the informalism of the one set gratingly against the formalism of the other.

From their friendship Yeats, with an Irish capacity for absorption, could ingest more of Pound than Pound, always suspicious of artificial syntheses, was willing to accept from Yeats. It was inevitable that their ways would diverge, one trudging down an erratic road to fascism, the other setting sail for the holy city of Byzantium. Inevitably, too, Pound has had the last word. His parody of "Under Ben Bulben," first published in 1958, was written, as Ellmann observes, in a Wabash version of Irish dialect:

Neath Ben Bulben's buttocks lies
Bill Yeats, a poet twoice the soize
Of William Shakespeare, as they say

Down Ballykillywuchlin way.

Let Saxon roiders break their bones
Huntin' the fox
thru dese gravestones.

Taken as a whole, Richard Ellmann's study, a series of short essays contrived around Yeats as center, describes a wide and graceful arc that encompasses many of the major developments in English poetry during a full half-century. In this sense it is literary history, but of a special kind: select, essential, personal, at times almost intimate. And the study may also reflect another kind of history. Of the six writers considered, three were Irishmen, two were Americans, and the one true-born Englishman among them may, if he wishes, vote from an address on St. Marks Place, New York City. From this it would appear that the meaning and the claim of old political sovereignties tend to dissolve in the artist's exercise of his own right to a special kind of eminent domain.

The Pulitzer Power

PULITZER. *By W. A. Swanberg. Charles Scribner's Sons. 462 pp. $8.95.*

CARL DREHER

The jacket bills Pulitzer as "the greatest figure in American journalism," a rating about which opinions may differ. He is also described as "one of the most extraordinary men in our history," and that he surely was. One could hardly have discerned the promise of eminence in the 17-year-old stripling who arrived in the United States in 1864 to fight in the Civil War. His military career lasted eight months and was totally undistinguished. He rode in the great review of the Army of the Potomac with the First New York Lincoln Cavalry, then was paid $13 for his last month of service and thrown on the street with thousands of other ex-soldiers.

With 75c left, he rode freight cars to St. Louis, where there was a large German colony. There, after a series of miserable jobs, he came to the attention of Carl Schurz, the great *émigré* of 1848, a major general in the Union Army and soon to be U.S. Senator from Missouri. Eventually Schurz hired Pulitzer as a reporter for his *Westliche Post*. As a gangling, oddly dressed neophyte newsman, speaking English with a heavy Hungarian-German accent, Pulitzer was known about town as Joey the German or Joey the Jew. Actually only his father was Jewish, but his half-Jewish origin was to dog Pulitzer long after he became rich and powerful.

However, Pulitzer's handicaps were outweighed by qualities that could serve a young man well in the turbulent politics of the seventies. He studied law, developed a powerful oratorical style in both German and English, ran for the state legislature and was elected, neither he nor the voters being aware that he was still short of the 25-year-age qualification. He served and became noted for his attacks on corruption. In a hotel-lobby altercation he shot a burly grafter and only by luck missed killing him. At the *Westliche Post* he worked sixteen hours a day and made himself so indispensable that Schurz sold him a controlling interest on credit and later bought it back for $30,000. In time, Pulitzer bought the bankrupt *St. Louis Dispatch* for $2,500 and merged it with the *St. Louis Post*. The combined paper had a circulation of 4,000.

The journalistic crusade as a circulation builder was certainly not Pulitzer's invention, but in his hands it became a tool of unparalleled power. It was the more effective because he combined a genuine zeal for reform with a lust for readership. The *Post and Dispatch* (the "and" was shortly to be replaced by a hyphen) was sensational in other respects as well, but it was most sensational in its exposés. For a time it was doubtful that the paper could survive, but by the end of 1880 it had a circulation of nearly 9,000. From then on the circulation curve steepened, the advertising poured in, and the profits zoomed. Unlike Pulitzer's New York publishing ventures, the *Post-Dispatch* stayed on top, not only financially but as an example of a great metropolitan newspaper at its best.

The robber baron Jay Gould had acquired the *New York World* in an odd transaction involving control of the Texas & Pacific Railroad. The paper was moribund, with a circulation of 15,000 against Charles A. Dana's *Sun* with 140,000, and James Gordon Bennett's *Herald* at a slightly lower level. Nevertheless, Gould, whose gall was no less than Pulitzer's, asked $500,000 for the *World*. He finally got $346,000 for little more than a press franchise, some equipment in poor condition, and the reputation of a "gentleman's newspaper." This recipe for losing money was altered by Pulitzer on his first visit to the plant, when he informed the staff that they had been living in the parlor and taking baths every day, but henceforth they would be walking down the Bowery. Several of the employees, including the editor, resigned then and there, and despite Pulitzer's success in St. Louis it was believed that he had overpaid and was facing ruin in New York.

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Pulitzer himself was concerned, but he believed he had a formula for success. The principal ingredient was to reach for readers who had not been reading newspapers, or anything else for that matter. Again, Pulitzer was not the inventor, but the technique had never been applied on the scale he contemplated. And Pulitzer's schemes contained a moral factor. As he put it later, "You must go for your million circulation and, when you have it, turn the minds, and the votes, of your readers one way or the other at critical moments."

By the combination of yellow journalism (the term originated in a cartoon strip called "The Yellow Kid" with which Hearst and Pulitzer battled for circulation in the 1890s) and muckraking, Pulitzer raised the circulation of what became three *Worlds—Morning, Evening* and *Sunday*—to heights undreamed of, except by him. The political power was immense: Pulitzer support was a major factor in Cleveland's narrow victory over Blaine in 1884, and for nearly fifty years New York gubernatorial and mayoralty candidates had to reckon with *World* approval or disapproval.

The yellow component of this success need not detain us since, *mutatis mutandis*, in most large cities one can still observe it in operation. It continues to sell blood and underwear, while its other specialty, the ideological and nationalistic incitement of mass passion, has reached its apogee in the cold war. There is, however, a striking contrast in journalistic manners between Pulitzer's era and ours. Today, with the Anti-Defamation League on guard and anti-Semitism more or less driven underground, one can hardly conceive of the 1894, pre-Ochs *Times* printing a "reader's letter" demanding, "Is there no law by which the leprous Jew can be punished?"

Earlier, as the *World* began to overtake the *Sun*, the saintly Dana took after Joey the Jew with the same venom. Pulitzer had married in the Episcopal church and was nominally a member of St. George's in New York with his wife and children, but he had always been indifferent to religion in general and Judaism in particular.

The *Sun* had to be careful not to alienate Jewish readers, but Pulitzer's freethinking gave it the opening to proclaim that he "came to this country not to promote the cause of his race or his native land, but to push the fortunes of that part of Jewry which is situated over the soles of his boots and under [his] hat." When, very likely by prearrangement, the *Hebrew Standard* denounced Pulitzer as a renegade Jew, Dana commented: "The Jews of New York have no reason to be ashamed of Judas

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Pulitzer . . . the shame rests exclusively on himself. The insuperable obstacle in the way of his social progress is not the fact that he is a Jew, but in certain offensive personal qualities. . . . His face is repulsive, not because the physiognomy is Hebraic, but because it is Pulitzeresque . . . cunning, malice, falsehood, treachery, dishonesty, greed and venal self-abasement have stamped their unmistakable traits. . . ."

Pulitzer returned Dana's invective in kind, but when Dana died in 1897, the *World* ran a two-column cut with a long, laudatory obituary. In another expression of objectivity, at the death of Edwin Godkin in 1902, Pulitzer complained privately that in fifteen years Godkin had never failed to "abuse" the *World*; nevertheless he ordered an editorial to be written extolling "the ablest mind since the death of Greeley," and lamenting "a great loss to the independent thought of the press."

In the area of anti-racism, also, it should be noted that Pulitzer praised Theodore Roosevelt for inviting Booker T. Washington to the White House, had him for dinner at his own Bar Harbor home, and attacked President Taft for his announcement that no Negro would be appointed to any position in the South against white opposition. He ordered a "hot-shot" editorial from the viewpoint that Taft's decision constituted a nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment and "we cannot agree in drawing a skin color or race line." The resulting editorial did not please him. "I really admire," he wrote sarcastically, "the amazing moderation and toning down to the uttermost of my convictions—lifelong convictions if you please."

Pulitzer was born in 1847. In 1887 he began to break down mentally, physically and optically, yet managed to dominate his journalistic empire until his death in 1911. After consultation with a psychiatrist, Swanberg, with due caution, suggests that Pulitzer was a manic-depressive. The diagnosis is as plausible as anything so retroactive can be, but one might apply to Pulitzer's psychosis the remark Lincoln is said to have made about General Grant's alcoholism. Pulitzer's greatest disgrace—his rivalrous collaboration with Hearst in inciting the war with Spain (but it is often forgotten that Pulitzer's opposition helped to avert war with Britain in 1895), and one of his greatest triumphs—his defeat of Theodore Roosevelt's attempt to shackle the American press by invoking federal law in the Panama Canal affair—came when he was totally blind and mentally and physically sick.

The Hearst-Pulitzer jingoism of 1896-99 needs no recounting, but Pulitzer's role in laying Roosevelt by the heels is less known and supplies the material for one of Swanberg's most effective chapters. The lawyer-promoter-lobbyist, William Nelson Cromwell, formed a syndicate to buy up the assets of the bankrupt French canal company, defeat the advocates of a Nicaraguan canal, and chisel to a minimum the claims of Colombia, which held sovereignty over the Isthmus, leaving as large a sum as possible for the members of the syndicate. By subsequent agreement, the United States was to pay $40 million to the New Panama Canal Company for its property and rights. Colombia demanded $10 million and refused to cede all sovereign rights in the Canal Zone. In 1903 Panama was separated from Colombia in an *opéra bouffe* revolution which President Roosevelt supported with U.S. warships and Marines. Panama supposedly then got the $10 million; where the $40 million went was even less clear.

The question arose again in 1908 with the publication of stories by the *New York World* and the *Indianapolis News* containing allegations that the U.S. had purchased for $40 million property and rights that had cost the syndicate only $12 million, enabling U.S. financiers to reap "a rich harvest." Charles P. Taft, brother of William H. Taft, and Douglas Robinson, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, were named as members of the syndicate. Roosevelt denounced the reports as "infamous." The *World* replied with a violent editorial attack calling Roosevelt a liar and demanding a Congressional investigation.

Pulitzer knew nothing of the editorial until it appeared. Summoning the editors to his mansion, he asked what proof they had that Robinson and Taft were involved.

"None at all," he was told.

"My God!" Pulitzer exclaimed. "No proof? You print such stories without proof?"

The editors explained that they had relied on information emanating from Cromwell. Roosevelt, who had long-standing grievances against Pulitzer, now thought he saw the opportunity to ruin him. He sent a special message to Congress in which he maintained that "it is idle to say that the known character of Mr. Pulitzer and his newspaper are such that the statements will be believed by nobody"—ill-informed persons would believe them. He mentioned Robinson and Taft but based his case primarily on an alleged libel upon the U.S. Government.

Pulitzer knew that legally he might be in a precarious position, but he outlined an editorial which began: "Mr. Roosevelt is mistaken. He cannot muzzle the *World*. . . . If the *World* has libelled anybody we hope it will be punished, but we do not intend to be intimidated by Mr. Roosevelt's threats, or by Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation, or by Mr. Roosevelt's power. . . ." A District of Columbia grand jury thereupon indicted Pulitzer, some of his subordinates, and the *World* on five counts of criminal libel. Pulitzer continued to breathe defiance but feared he might be jailed and even inquired as to the prison in which he might be incarcerated. Happily the Federal District Court decided against the government, whereupon, with characteristic intemperance, Roosevelt called the judge "a jackass and a crook." Pulitzer demanded that the government appeal; it did, and finally lost in the Supreme Court. "If Pulitzer had done nothing else in his life," Swanberg concludes, "he would have been entitled to national gratitude for this courageous and expensive battle."

Although Pulitzer inveighed all his life against the rich, he was one of them. He was a multimillionaire, he lived like one, and he was accepted by most of his fellow multimillionaires. He never lived by money alone, but he had an unerring instinct for it. When he was recruited for the Union Army in Germany he jumped ship in Boston in order to collect the bounty himself instead of letting it go to the recruiting agent. His newspaper profits, multiplied by shrewd investments, served him to the end of his life and prolonged it beyond the span that could have been expected.

He needed all the help he could get. He was blind, he was psychotic at times,

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he was diabetic, he was afflicted with an acoustic erethism which made any intrusive sound—trains, bells, boat whistles, birds, people eating—sheer agony for him. An uxorious husband, and a father excessively fond of his children whom he overdirected from infancy to maturity, he was forced finally to ensconce himself on a yacht costing $1.5 million in 1907 currency. She had "every imaginable comfort for a blind man sensitive to noise—smooth teak decks with no bolts or projections, a huge cabin for Pulitzer, sealed by thick carpeting, double bulkheads, double doors, double portholes. . . ." He slept in an immense four-poster bed equipped with bell cords of different lengths to summon the major-domo, captain, head butler, chief steward or physician. The vessel had a crew of sixty, exclusive of Pulitzer's personal staff, and a cruising range of 6,000 miles. The one thing she did not have was wireless. When Pulitzer wanted to be away from it all, he could be as far away as in the days of sailing ships.

On the yacht, he created a micro-society in which he could live a bearable life. His organization selected for him, after exhaustive tests, candidates for a secretariat of six men who not only took care of business matters but were entertainers and companions as well. Pulitzer made the final choice, going so far as to send successful applicants for lessons to improve their voice quality. Despite his illness, he still had enormous energy and kept his staff fully occupied most of the time.

The secretaries, Swanberg writes, "probably comprised the most remarkable blend of intelligence, experience, education, talent, cultivation (and patience) to be found anywhere in the world." They needed it all. They were exposed to "a mind unique in its scope, keenness, excitement, urgency and menace. Each day was a challenge to their own intelligence, resourcefulness and nerve. Each day they experienced the fear and the triumph of the man who walks the high wire, knowing that any misstep means disaster, and reaches the end in safety."

His determination to found a dynasty to perpetuate the *World* papers was self-defeating in so many ways that it could be cited as showing how even highly intelligent men are capable of self-deception in matters close to their hearts, but which cannot be managed from the grave. Even if it had been in his power to impart to his sons the fruits of his own experience as a newspaper magnate, how could he have endowed them with the personal qualities that enabled him to become one? In politics, all he could bequeath was an obsolescent formula of bourgeois reformism. And so the Great Depression gave the sad, final answer to the manifesto of 1909, written by Frank Cobb: "The *World* is an institution. Long after Mr. Roosevelt is dead, long after Mr. Pulitzer is dead, long after the present editors of this paper are dead, the *World* will still go on as a great independent newspaper, unmuzzled, undaunted and unterrorized." In two decades it was dead, as were Roosevelt, Pulitzer and Cobb.

Swanberg writes the obituary in an afterword, "Decline and Fall," with the same ease and clarity of the body chapters, making the reader quite unconscious of the enormous labor that went into the book. Scribner's has manufactured it with the elegance such a work deserves, and furnished it with a first-rate index—something of a rarity these days.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Fiction was invented because fact was unacceptable. One need not have lived long or suffered many shocks to recognize that existence is undependable, dealing out kicks and caresses with lofty disregard for consistency or just deserts. It is largely a matter of how the dice fall, and absolute justice occurs at infinity—a date no man may hope to keep. So storytellers undertook to give shape to what was shapeless, and their listeners agreed to believe for the duration of the tales. Out of this pact came consolation, aspiration and a great deal of beauty.

That is old stuff, and I mention it only because at present a good many storytellers are breaking the compact. Instead of giving shape and consistency to their inventions, they deliberately betray the trust of their audience, converting tragedy into farce and slapstick into horror, and grinning impishly from the wings at the ensuing cries of discomfort. It is not, however, mere malice that prompts them; the seeming bad faith stems from a conviction, now world-wide, that we have outlived a time when rationality was a tenable hypothesis and come into an age of chaos and baleful idiocy. The hope is that, if his trust in fiction is sufficiently abused by incongruities, a man may come to face the truth of his life.

But a danger in this booby trapping of created tone and theme is that the recipient may feel himself confronted not by truth but by the manipulator. The paradox is that art, when it imitates life with respect to irrelevance, becomes not more lifelike but less. Its own life is dependent on its consistency, and

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when that is broken it can be seen as a jumble of puppets and scenery. The problem arises from a confusion as to what it is that at present dismays us. It is not primarily the shapelessness of existence—that we have always had and fiction is its antidote—but the anarchy of institutions, into which no insight is provided by the mere subverting of cohesive forms.

See how it works out in practice. The Czech film, *Closely Watched Trains*, though it takes place under the condition of Nazi invasion, is a romantic comedy. It is played very lightly, with genial exaggeration, and concerns a young man's quest for sufficient information and self-assurance to turn puppy love for his girl into a real affair. That is sweet folk ribaldry and so presented—until about halfway through the picture, when the hero decides to escape the humiliation of his inadequacy by slashing his wrists in a steaming bath. The scene of near suicide is filmed with an explicit insistence on blood and anguish so utterly out of key as to seem dropped in from another picture. But I have run into this sort of thing a good deal recently, and have learned that at such moments I must take my eye off the characters and fix it on the director—he is up to something. Sure enough, in the last segment of the movie, a box of dynamite appears and the young man is (quite arbitrarily) shot down while in the act of sabotaging a German munitions train. He is given no chance to bed with his darling, though we have reason to believe that he would now be capable.

The wrist-cutting scene is there to signal that an idyll of adolescence is to be understood as illustrating institutionalized inhumanity, but it seems out of place and does not serve the conventional purpose of foreshadowing because the second theme will not graft successfully onto the main body of the picture. What comes across is not a truth about contemporary experience but a falseness within the fictional compact. A perfectly normal romance suffers great rips in the fabric of its illusion, through which the hands of the manipulator are too evident to be ignored.

We may have entered a period when storytellers should turn from their traditional business of giving form to happenstance and take up instead the new work of tape recording havoc. But in that case the old compact will have to be discarded altogether and some new one developed in its place—perhaps an agreement between author and audience to gang up on some third party to be designated. And we may have to call the process something other than art—synthetic activism, perhaps.

What this may come to look like may be guessed from Richard Lester's *How I Won the War*, a film that seems to take off from the premise that *Dr. Strangelove* was a somewhat academic presentation of workaday humdrum. *How I Won the War* is a montage of comic-strip pop art that draws its dislocated satiric incidents from every memorable flag opera of World War II. It makes no pretense to plot, cares nothing for credibility, encourages the actors to wear their characterizations like Halloween costumes and constantly reminds us, by asides and related devices, that a production is being put together with maximum energy and minimum efficiency. Irreverence in the service of humanity is the business of this film, and it throws it around like custard pies.

The most stimulating attribute of the picture is a nihilism it directs against itself. Thus, in addition to repeatedly aborting its climaxes, it deliberately breaks its own syllogisms. Segments of Dunkirk documentary footage are dovetailed into the film, the device being for the actors on their movie set to mimic the vignettes of death on the French beach. But after a time, it appears that the actors themselves are falling at Dunkirk. This existential ambiguity produces an exemplary queasiness. It is offset somewhat by a rather heavy thread of allegory. From time to time, the acting company is joined by the figures of British Tommies, in proper battle dress but dyed from top to toe in a variety of pastel shades. These communicate in no way with the "real" characters, but participate vigorously in the jobs at hand; they are, I take it, ghosts of old soldiers come to replace casualties in the mock war.

There are two main troubles with *How I Won the War*. The first is that it is very long, shamelessly repetitious, not very funny, and more conducive to nervous twitching than to righteous indignation. Everyone in the cast, and most notably Michael Crawford, works to the point of exhaustion to convey an impression of idiocy, but the balloon of madness will not get off the ground; if you have to keep asking, "How'm I doing?," as this crowd does, you're not doing well enough. Raving incompetence is a fragile dramatic idea; it won't tolerate being hammered home. And once you get the idea that every cliché of "hurrah boys" military romance is going to be travestied, it becomes a burden to sit through the doleful catalogue. About halfway to the end I found that the browned-off countenance of John Lennon, the chorus of the film, was accurately reflecting my own mood. It may be that there are some very sharp verbal sallies in the script, but the picture lays little stress on enunciation and I caught the words only by fits and starts. What I did hear, however, was not of a risibility to encourage a second try at the sound track.

The other trouble with the film is that its principal complaint seems to be that soldiers, and particularly officers, are shocking bad craftsmen. It would be unfair, but not entirely unjustified, to draw the conclusion that Mr. Lester and his team would be content enough if the military took to its work with

WOMAN IN A WINDOW

I

A small room, and the wind on its knees,
Pulling at the roof.
My mother sits in the still cradle of her hands.
Her son gallops inside her like a cloud
And she is frightened by his fear.

II

Close to the roots a black life is growing.
She walks in the empty lot near the house,
Between blocks of ruined concrete.
She remembers voices whose human color
Has been bleached out of them by long exposure.

III

In the canyon heat flows over the rocks.
Fish lie wrapped in shadow,
Motionless, made of red ochre;
Fish old as the morning, their terrible
Sand-mouths flattened against the rock.

PAUL ZWEIG

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some show of professional elegance. I grant that military history shows a high incidence of blunder (or it may only be that in war blunders are catastrophically visible), but that isn't my main objection to it. I am sure that it isn't Mr. Lester's either, but he might have considered whether an atmosphere of Friday night high jinks in the school auditorium wouldn't inevitably convey that message. *Dr. Strangelove* was an infinitely better picture because, among other virtues, there was method in its madness.

Still, this picture is on the track of something—an attack upon satanic chaos by devices that are themselves chaotic, and the enlistment of the audience in a process of reform by anarchy. But the staging of gibberish requires nice calculation of means and ends— there is no such thing as an extempore clown.

Another approach to anarchy through art, and perhaps the most successful of those current, is also a Czech film, *Daisies*, directed by Vera Chytilova. As before, there is no narrative and very little continuity, but anarchy is governed, paradoxically, by a simple, dominating idea. The picture opens on two girls, sunning themselves in a bath alley. In a brief, monosyllabic exchange, they agree that the world is spoiled and determine that they will follow suit. There ensue a dozen or so episodes in which the pair—one dark, one blond, both syncopated—play havoc with decorum; hoodwinking older men, stealing from the poor, disrupting public places, destroying their belongings above all, creating garbage at every turn.

The girls are almost naked a good deal of the time, but there is no sex in them—they do not sufficiently relate for that. Their solitary and unappeasable itch is hunger, and when they encounter food they debauch themselves. This displacement of appetites is shrewd—it can be held that the world is indeed spoiled by such perversions of instinct, and the misuse of food is an obscenity strikingly akin to the misuse of sex. The piggishness of two girls thus becomes a metaphor for a world befouled by misdirected passions. Miss Chytilova somewhat spoils her point by too insistent references to nuclear cataclysm and by a self-righteous dedication of the film to those whose indignation is limited to the destruction of a salad. But this wall-newspaper moralizing is by no means fatal to the film's witty plunge into entropy.

The photography of *Daisies* is an adventurous delight. It uses color, film speed, montage, grotesque transitions and startling angles as resourceful supports for the directionless energy and feverish hilarity of the action. It manipulates color and form as does the best of semi-abstract painting, capitalizing on the evocative possibilities of the process itself with the unforced daring of complete technical assurance. The cameraman is Miss Chytilova's husband, Jaroslav Kucera.

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Michael McClure's *The Beard* (Evergreen Theatre, 53 East 11 Street) is not a play to like or to dislike. To challenge it as a matter of taste would be absurd. It is a phenomenon to be understood.

It has its own completeness, not simply as a text but as a performance. The images projected with apparent incoherence on the irregular walls of the Evergreen, the rock-and-roll ululations which emerge from an excellent trio, the roar of voices and noises heard before any of the play's text is spoken, are not merely preparation for what follows but organic to the short but intense evening, the tedium engendered being integral to the intensity.

What, amid the cacophony, are we able to make out in the all-encompassing projections on the walls? Besides wild fowl and perhaps reptiles, lions, lionesses and full-blown flowers, we catch glimpses of the Pontiff on his papal throne while aurally entwined in the general din are strands of the *Liebestod* from *Tristan and Isolde*.

When this stylistically justified prologue subsides, lights gradually go out and the stage emerges as a sort of blue blank or "heaven" (quite handsome in its soft monochrome) where sit two figures, identified by the playbill as Harlow and Billy the Kid, both wearing small beards of torn white tissue paper. They are at either end of a small table, she in flashy Hollywood array and he in traditional shirt, tight pants and boots. They speak more to the audience than to each other. Harlow begins with the line, flatly drawled and endlessly repeated throughout the evening, and sometimes taken up by her opposite number: "Before you can pry any secrets from me, you must first find the real me! Which one will you pursue?" To which the Kid retorts in a tone equally mechanical and tinny, "What makes you think I want to pry secrets from you?" Then Harlow: "Because I'm so beautiful." The Kid comes back with "So what!" Then Harlow again: "You want to be as beautiful as I am." And the Kid, once more in kazoo defiance, "Oh yeah!"

This teasing refrain of sybilline statement and rejoinder constitutes the keynote of the play. Four-letter obscenities, employed as insult or provocation, are obbligatos to the main motif. All this shapes itself into a kind of nasty love play which is consummated by Billy's tribute to Harlow through *cunnilingus*.

The use of beards for both characters is no idle conceit: the fable may be taken as hetero- or homosexual according to preference. (Didn't a Dadaist of old paint a mustache on the Mona Lisa, and aren't the sexes becoming undifferentiated?) The meaning in either case is the same. Is the effect erotic? Not in the least. It may strike some viewers or voyeurs as a pop art celebration of sex: it is actually its putdown. The author's intention may be lyric—I've heard a fine young woman call the show "lovely"—but it adds up to a joke.

If *The Beard* is inconsequential as art, it is not negligible as symptom. Civilization, it is said, has become obsessed with sex. Since little is trusted, since we have no confidence in any faith—religious, social or political—nothing is left but sex. It must take the place of all the exploded values. It forms the life line to continued existence. It alone tells no lies or, to put it in the symbolism of *The Beard*, even its lies culminate in an act, *the* act. So it alone is real.

The trouble is that sex, isolated from every other attribute, ultimately loses its force as a boon. It doesn't, for most of us, pay the rent; it doesn't impede the space race or stand in the way of an outbreak of war. It is not the "answer." It too proves futile, ludicrous. The hippies, for whom I harbor much sympathy as they take ever longer trips to nirvana (they call it love), become increasingly asexual. The inevitable end to the obsession with sex is impotence. Tuning out makes sex unnecessary as well as impossible.

The Beard represents a mockery of sex, a "milestone" on the road to nonentity. We need not despise it. It shows us that our myths (aren't Harlow and Billy the Kid deities of our lowly Olympus?) are in the process of dissolution. Just as the proceedings and debates of the UN are fast becoming caricatures of politics. *The Beard* is a caricature of sex as the saving remnant of our personal lives. To realize this is to comprehend much else about our day.

Seen in this way, the production, directed by Rip Torn, acted by Billie Dixon and Richard Bright, design and media mix prologue by USCO, and lighting by C. Murawski, is perfect.

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ART / Max Kozloff

A bizarre exhibition at the Galleria Odyssia, provocative, savage and beautiful, but far removed from any of the contexts of current New York art, opened October 24. This second show in New York of Irving Petlin, a young artist originally from Chicago, very well known in Europe, comprises a suite of fifty-four pictures—an unusually large number—under the collective title, "The Removal of the Body of Christ From Asia." Before commenting on its most challenging feature, an elaborate and haunting iconography, I should like to give an idea of what these paintings look like.

They are, to begin, small oils (18 x 24 inches), executed on vellum and each placed a little below center on the page. Most of these figurations are framed at their immediate edges by depictions of wooden canvas stretchers, with diagonal cross bars at their corners. It is easy enough to make out hilly landscapes in their lower areas with the unpainted "sky" above populated sparingly by various demonlike creatures. Some of these are varied by the addition of another stretcher frame, in which case both are dappled, as if by camouflage. An exception to this format is a series of ten works oriented around a large gray oval, garnished by a kind of floral paint decoration ("Drops of Asian Water"). Several contain creaturely apparitions dimly perceived within their murky confines.

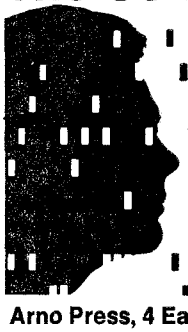
In color, these little paintings are almost shocking, not because of anything outrageous about their hues—gray yellow, olives, a few reds, white, light blue, the last three rimming the dotted edges of the images—but because each dab or streak of paint is like a violation of the bare vellum. This ground does not absorb pigment, so that the isolated color spots perch on it, as if they were pictorial leeches. Their physical presence is emphasized by the enamellike film of those elements that appear to have been floated on, in contrast to heavy impasto slides that grip the surface in staccato wedges or comets, bristling with energy. But whatever their physical dynamic, all these masses stand profiled against a translucent screen, an uncertain quotient of light coming from behind the sheet to outline their material density, just as the medium value of the paper itself relieves their optical range. It is all very crisp, surprising and yet self-assured, whether the glance be caught by a malignant little slash of "nail polish," or a charcoal dust that has taken to and etherealized some sticky passages. These calculated tactile foils would evince the concentration of a jeweler, if they did not also brazenly deny their reduced scale by a controlled vehemence. Petlin's works are like laconic intrusions of some still unidentified animal or vegetable life upon a surface.

It remains a more difficult matter to determine what, if anything, is occurring within their perimeters. In the artist's last exhibition, consisting of giant, friezelike, multi-figured compositions, the eye had difficulty determining any specific action amidst the general breathlessness of a funeral cortege. Murderous and archaic simultaneously, the events in his polyptych, "The Kennedy Civic," were lost in a swirl or blur of movement. If the present works are clear where the others were confused, if they resolve the conflicting claims of abstraction and illusion as the others did not, they have yet abandoned several cues to recognizable imagery. Discernible overall, at least, is a conflict between air and land, in which the swaying camel humps of hills occasionally receive excreta from a "metallic heart," or "rowers" leapfrog over the inscape with stiltlike oars. Such works are punctuated by others where Buddha is entangled within a mandorla illuminated by iridescent paint tendrils, or where a face barely looms out from its ellipse, like the pale imprint on Veronica's veil. Occasionally, a defiant dog snarls from the terrain, beneath which a lower register reveals some hunched, almost human, denizens packed into a space too small for them. Many of the airborne chimeras sprout erect penises.

What does it all mean? The references are apocalyptic, religious and militarily topical, in about equal measure, but do they amount to any coherent "statement" or program? In a vague and disquieting way, one senses a distant cataclysm, as curious as a Persian miniature gone berserk. While the use of conventions—such as the stretchers—does not stabilize the emotional virulence of the whole, its formality does seem to obscure the narrative resonance. One is more likely to find in these works a symbolical significance, an integrated symbolical structure. But the trouble with symbols, technically speaking, is that they are apt to be rather homeless and overly personal these days, when the great myths and archetypes of the past are held in disrepute as a fund for contemporary expression. Since the time of Gauguin, we have become more accustomed to nuances in the concept of symbols, than to the presence of symbols themselves. Historians of older art have had an advantage in that definite social, theological or intellectual sources for their subjects were available, and frequently were called upon in the creation of works with distinct iconographies.

Lacking this historical avenue of research, I have chosen a simpler but risky course of action: going to the artist himself. I say risky, hardly because of the elucidation supplied but because the distinction between what was intuited visually and what was learned thematically, what was already transmitted and what was unlikely to be transmitted, was blurred—however privileged the new perspective. Yet there could be no doubt that the exhibition became less problematic if, for reasons to be given in a moment, not less enigmatic. A species of poetic metaphor surfaced where before they had only seemed to be arcane disjunction.

Indeed, I learned that the whole series was meant to be read as a poem in pictures, containing all the compressions and elliptical intensity to which we are accustomed in poetic language. It has as its subject the traumatization of the East by the West: ethnically, morally, carnally. The stretchers bear witness to this as imagery in the artist's mind: what had looked to be screws at their jointures come to resemble human eyes. (It has also been suggested to me that the stretcher form is a surrogate gallows.) Early in the sequence, numbers 8, 9 and 10, "Christ in Seated Buddha," "Christ in Fish," "Fish Bleeding in the Body of Christ," hint of the clash of great religious traditions. When I pointed



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out that the American presence in Vietnam was hardly motivated by Christian principle, Petlin reminded me that Cardinal Spellman, last Christmas, had remarked from an armed helicopter that this was a war fought in defense of Christian civilization. For Petlin, its myths and its illusions are a no less real aspect of the phenomenon in Vietnam than its destruction—of the humanity of both participants. If, in their rape of an alien land, the intruders cannot imagine it to be inhabited by fellow human beings; if those in the air are thought to be demons by those on the ground—so be it! It is in a spirit of perturbed commiseration that one sees "Rower V" melting the hills (Number 25). It is within an aura of enchantment that the "Rower" is also viewed as fish (Number 33). Finally, the series breaks at "Strike" (Number 39), where the demon blasts apart in a pinwheel that might be shriek, blood spurt or ejaculation. For the artist, at least, it is a mortal blow; every scene occurring thenceforth is a mirage of posthumous violence, sometimes symbolized by the double camouflaged stretchers, sometimes in a blurred drop of water, magnifying yet dematerializing ancient memories. In this afterlife, now switched from external "event" to internal thought, from nominal present to the alarms of a future which may also be a remembrance of the past, the last image is of "Metal Heart Giving Birth. . . ."

I have tried to put down in words what is, and should be, comprehensible only in pictures. Obviously the "argument" sketched above could have been implemented in many differing ways: more rhetorical, more naturalistic, more sequential. But all these would have demonstrated greater faithfulness to a "line" than to a vision. These pictures can be read in progression, in which instance they are remarkably cadenced tunings on the theme of demonic transformation. Or they could be looked at singly, for a greater appreciation of the manner in which literalistic devices take on cosmological overtones. Both these experiences, of course, resist any rational exegesis. Only tangentially Surrealist, not at all Expressionist, the paintings do not fit into any received mode of seeing, or stylistic category. At times one would think that there is something ludicrous or infantile in Petlin's originality, were it not embodied in such suavity and precision. For the present show represents a gain in poetic strength, free of obvious symbols or bias, which was only barely suggested in his earlier prolix and agonistic imaginings. The ability to use metaphor and to weld it into a stark formal configuration has here crystallized with disturbing force.

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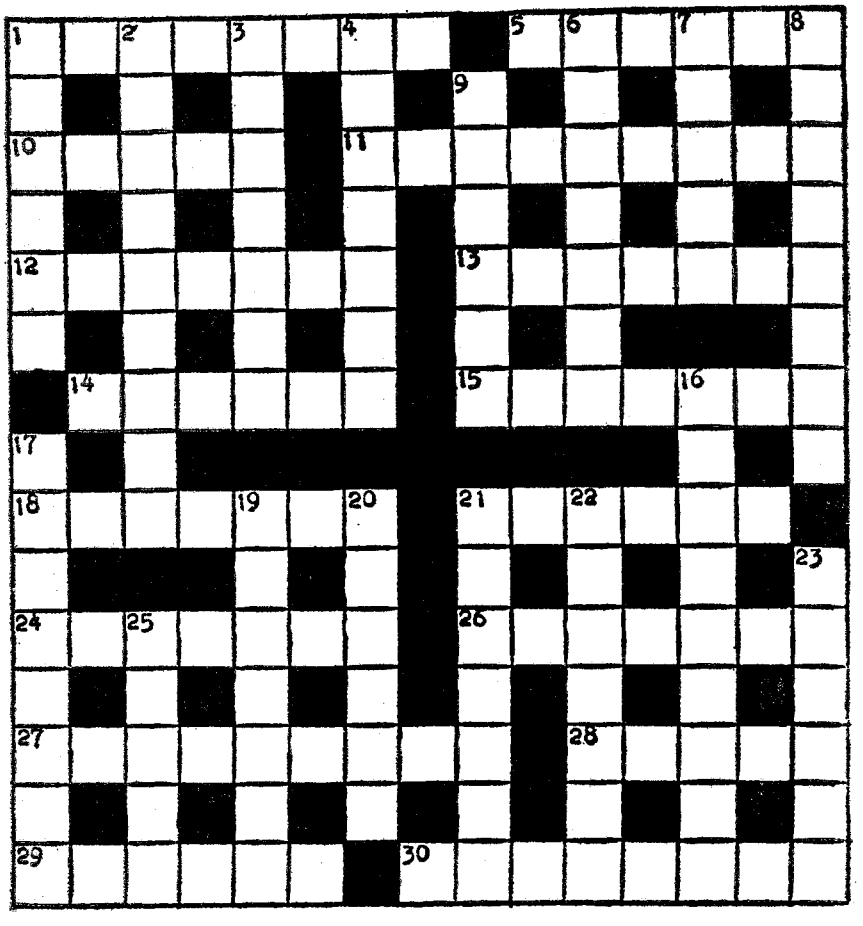
Crossword Puzzle No. 1223

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sporadic and haphazard entry into the ring made by them? (8)
5 Is the indefinite future of German a naturally more Latin concept? (6)
10 Simply not all there, to involve as a necessary circumstance. (5)
11 What some basketball teams do, as we all might, early in the day. (9)
12 Is the CIA to be possibly moved by any chilly breeze? (7)
13 Descriptive of Sherlock's men? (7)
14 If you're planning to stop, they may require an application. (6)
15 China's association with East Germany? (7)
18 Reads according to customary practices. (7)
21 Many players take their bows on the stage with one. (6)
24 Strange formation in the garden. (7)
26 The result of one who loved his work?
27 A sorry condition, indeed! (9)
28 Stays, but doesn't eat. (5)
29 Possibly bowed, as she'd find out! (6)
30 One who accompanied Achilles without scruples. (8)

DOWN:

1 and 25 An old missionary longs to find a place in the Pacific! (11)
2 Ganymede, for example. (9)
3 Not a wet bob where one might scrape bottom. (3,4)
4 One who looks up the club inside may come back with purchases. (7)
6 With a certain amount of disapproval in the Alaskan Centennial? (7)
7 An old 21 across, perhaps. (5)
8 Proving the negation of the daughter of Oedipus. (8)
9 Inclined to be taken care of? (6)
16 Two did for this on the beach, perhaps. (9)
17 Not exactly the happiest sentiments after death! (8)
19 Take up residence about a western location. (7)
20 Talking might be proverbial. (6)
21 Certainly anitithetical! (7)
22 It's contents might be well-produced. (3,4)
23 Kit, possibly, for autos upon it. (6)
25 See 1 down.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1222

ACROSS: 1 Toothsome; 6 Bated; 9 Patents; 10 English; 11 and 13 Sampans; 15 Comedies; 16 Charge; 18 Straws; 20 Crescent; 23 Oafs; 24 Tahiti; 28 Ensigns; 29 In truth; 30 Sadly. DOWN: 1 and 25 Tapestry; 2 Optimum; 3 Hand-me-down; 4 Observer; 5 Eleven; 6 Bugs; 7 Thin air; 8 Dehiscent; 14. 31 and 12 This little pig went to market; 17 Arriving; 19 Refused; 21 Entrust; 22 Pass up; 26 Yahoo; 27 and 15 down Ugly customers.

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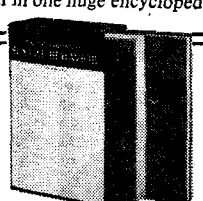

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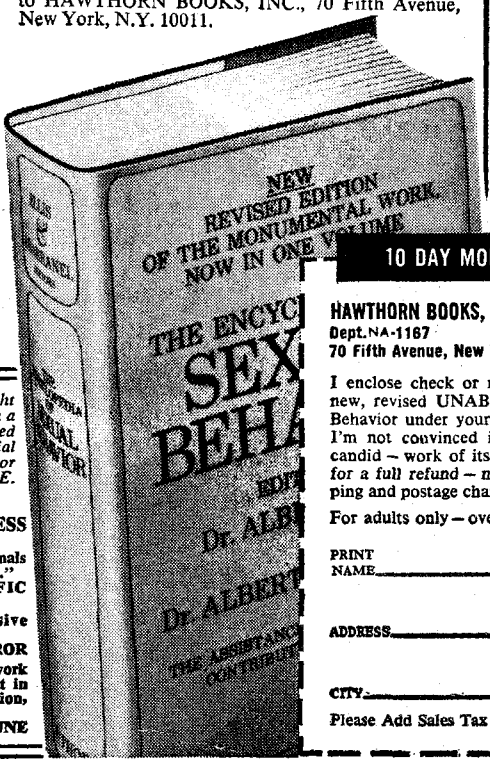

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